

A
MARVEL
SUPER
SPECIAL
MAGAZINE

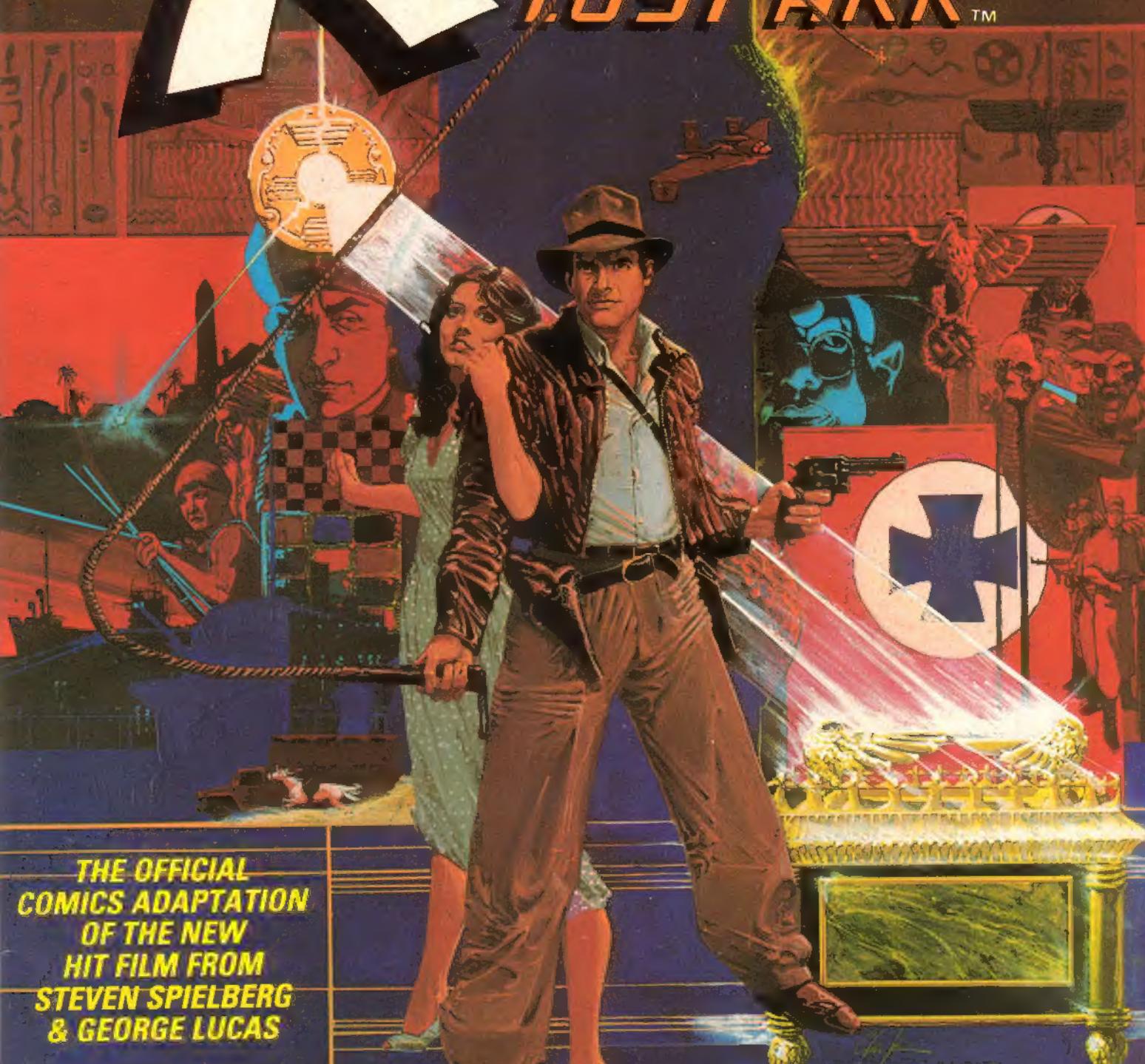
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RAIDERS

of the

LOST ARK™



THE OFFICIAL
COMICS ADAPTATION
OF THE NEW
HIT FILM FROM
STEVEN SPIELBERG
& GEORGE LUCAS

Distributed
By
MARVEL
ENTERTAINMENT
GROUP

FANTASTIC ADVENTURE FROM
THE MAKERS OF "JAWS,"
"CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND,"
"STAR WARS," & "EMPIRE STRIKES BACK"



STAN LEE PRESENTS
A MARVEL SUPER SPECIAL MAGAZINE

THE OFFICIAL COMICS ADAPTATION OF

RAIDERS of the LOST ARK™

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A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

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RAIDERS

of the
LOST ARK™

PERU, 1936--A

GROUP OF MEN MOVES CAUTIOUSLY THROUGH THE DENSE, SOUTH AMERICAN RAIN FOREST.

FIVE OF THEM ARE QUECHUA INDIANS ACTING AS PORTERS. TWO ARE SPANISH PERUVIANS WHO SPEAK QUECHUA. THE ONE WITH THE WHIP IS THE LEADER.

THEY TRAVEL ACROSS A PERILOUS REGION OF MOUNTAINS KNOWN AS "THE EYEBROW OF THE JUNGLE," IN SEARCH OF TREASURE BEYOND PRICE.

THEY HAVE COME TOO FAR TO TURN BACK.

THEY FOLLOW THIS MAN-- INDIANA JONES, AN AMERICAN ADVENTURER, A TREASURE HUNTER, HUNTER, A SCHOLAR, AND MUCH MORE.

ONLY HIS IRON WILL HAS BROUGHT THEM THIS FAR...

WHAT IS IT, BARRANCA?

THE INDIANS, SATIPO. BLAST THEM! THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT THE CURSE AGAIN!

...BUT EVEN ITS POWER HAS LIMITS.

«BE SILENT, YOU FOOLS!»

BUT THE FEARFUL BABBLE OF THE QUECHUA SUDDENLY INCREASES AS...

WE'VE FOUND IT!
THE TEMPLE OF THE CHACHAPOYAN WARRIORS!

NOW WE'LL PUT THIS SO-CALLED CURSE TO A REAL TEST.

... WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT THE INDIANS ARE AFRAID OF.

THREE OF THEM SUDDENLY DECIDE TO LINGER NO MORE IN THE HAUNTED LANDS; THEIR SHRIEKS OF FEAR ARE QUICKLY SWALLOWED UP IN THE ENVELOPING JUNGLE.

HOLD IT.



WE DON'T
NEED
THEM.



NO PROBLEM. ONCE
WE'VE GOT WHAT WE CAME
FOR, WE'LL BE ABLE TO
REACH THE PLANE BY DUSK.

NOW
FAN OUT
AND STAY
ALERT! THE
HOVITOS...

...ARE
HERE!

AND THE POISON
IS STILL FRESH!
THEY'RE FOLLOWING
US, I TELL YOU!

IF THEY
KNEW WE WERE
HERE, THEY WOULD HAVE
KILLED US ALREADY.

BUT THE TWO REMAINING QUECHUAS DRAW THEIR OWN
CONCLUSIONS FROM THE TINY DART...

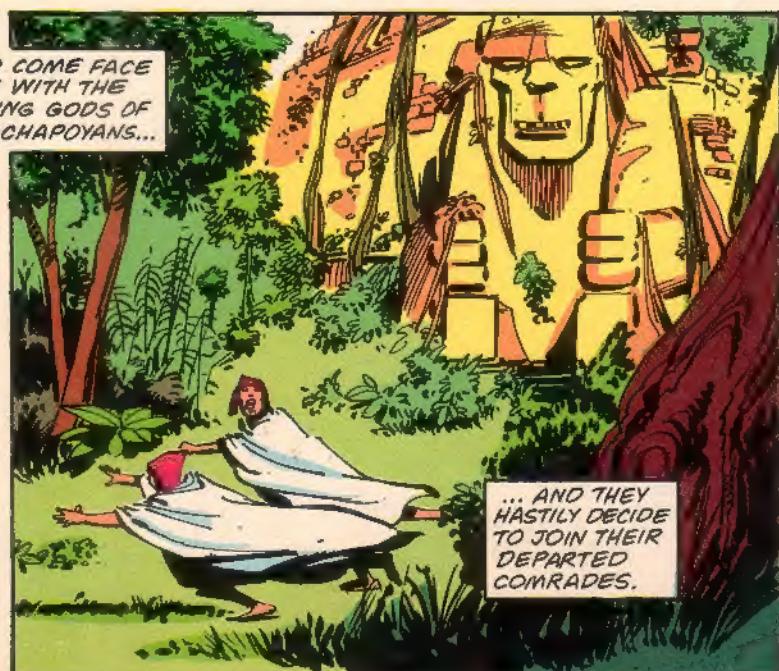
HEY, YOU
CARRION!
BRING
UP THOSE
SUPPLIES
PRONTO!!

...AND THE ANGRY CURSES OF BARRANCA SCARCELY REASSURE THEM.

RELUCTANTLY, THEY
BEGIN TO MOVE
FORWARD...

...ONLY TO COME FACE
TO FACE WITH THE
TERRIFYING GODS OF
THE CHACHAPOYANS...

...AND THEY
HASTILY DECIDE
TO JOIN THEIR
DEPARTED
COMRADES.



THEY ARE NOT MISSED.

SO THIS
IS WHERE
FORRESTAL
CASHED IN
HIS CHIPS.

A
FRIEND
OF
YOURS?

COMPETITOR.
HE WAS GOOD.
VERY GOOD.

NO ONE HAS EVER
COME OUT OF THERE
ALIVE. WHY SHOULD
WE PUT OUR FAITH
IN YOU?

NO ONE EVER
HAD WHAT WE HAVE,
DID THEY NOW...
PARTNERS?

AS WE AGREED.
HERE IS THE OTHER
HALF OF THE MAP.

YOU CAN
READ THE
FLOORPLAN?

I SURE HOPE
SO. ASSUMING
THAT PILLAR
THERE MARKS
THE CORNER AND...

FUNNY.
SATIPO LOOKS
LIKE HE'S JUST
SEEN A SNAKE.

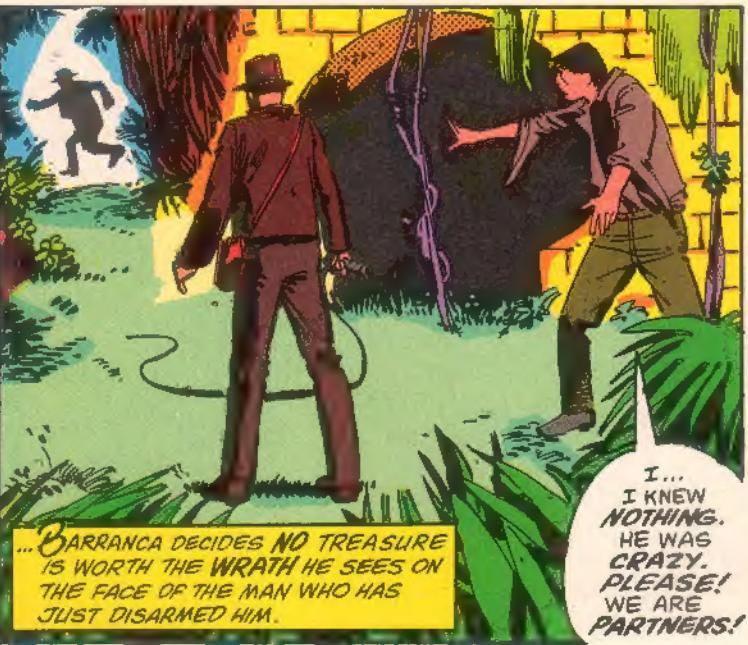
MAYBE
HE HAS.



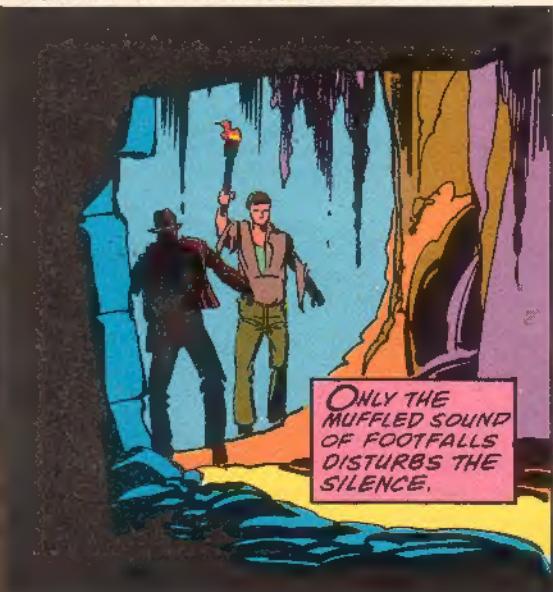
THE WHIP IS A BLUR OF MOTION BEFORE BARRANCA CAN CLEAR HIS HOLSTER.



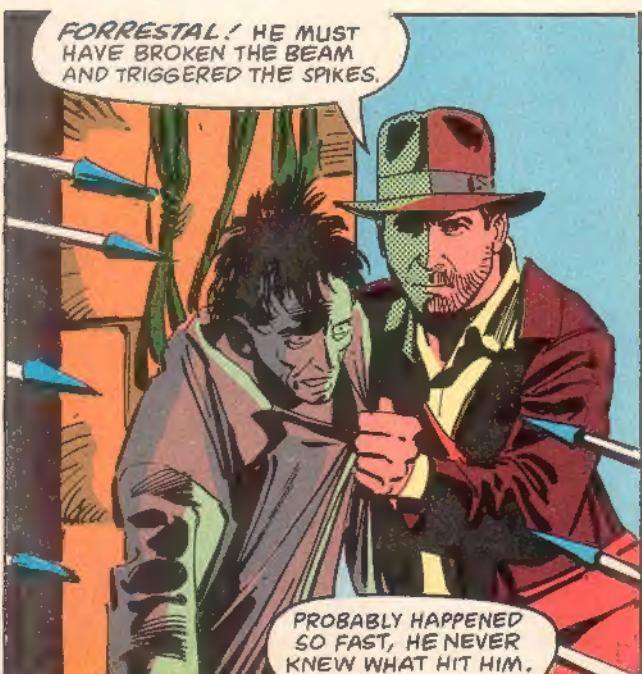
JINDY SWEEPS THE WHIP IN AN ENCIRCLING ARC. AND SUDDENLY...

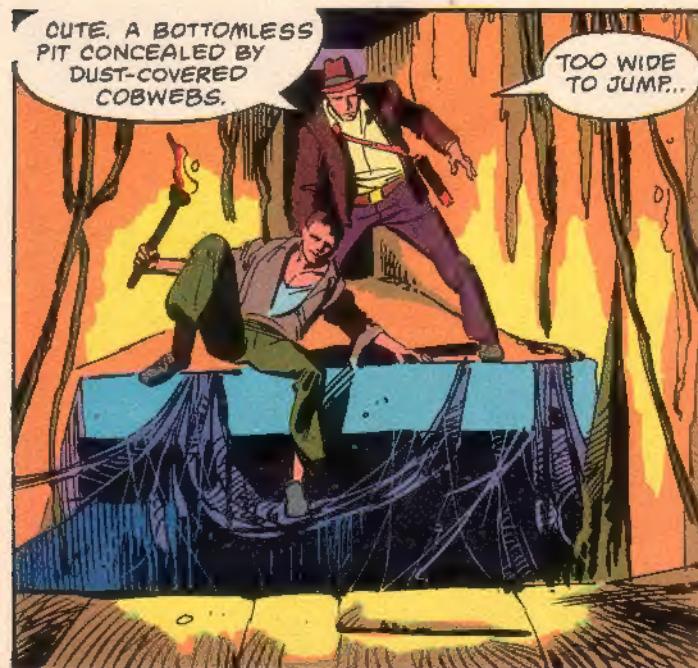


THE AIR IS STALE AS THE TWO MEN ENTER THE ANCIENT SHRINE. THE TORCH BARELY PIERCES THE ILLIMITABLE DARKNESS.



AS THEY BEGIN TO PASS ARTIFACTS LODGED IN THE WALLS OF THE TEMPLE, INDY CULLS THEM EXPERTLY, SELECTING SOME, REJECTING OTHERS.







WHY DO YOU WASTE TIME
TAPPING THE FLOOR? THE
GOLDEN IDOL IS OURS
FOR THE TAKING.

PATIENCE
PARTNER, IT'S
WHAT YOU DON'T
SEE THAT CAN
KILL YOU.

LIGHT
TILES ARE
OKAY. LET'S
TRY DARK.

TAP
TAP
TAP

SUDDENLY, OUT OF
THE CHAMBER'S DEPTHS...

SEÑOR!
THERE! IT
CAME FROM
OUT OF THAT
HOLE!

YEAH. AND THE PLACE
IS HONEYCOMBED WITH
HOLES I'M GETTING
REAL TIRED OF POISON
DARTS THIS TRIP.

YOU
WAIT
HERE

IF
YOU
INSIST

DON'T WORRY,
SATIPO. IF I
CHECK OUT, YOU
CAN ALWAYS
COLLECT MY
INSURANCE.

HIS MOVEMENTS GRACEFUL AND WITHOUT HASTE,
INDY GLIDES ACROSS THE SANCTUARY, ALWAYS
AVOIDING THE DARK TILES...

.. UNTIL AT LAST,
HE STANDS BEFORE THE
IDOL, ITS GOLDEN LIGHT
REFLECTED BY THE
STONE PEDESTAL BELOW

BUT INSTEAD OF REMOVING THE IDOL, INDY
TAKES A SMALL CANVAS BAG FROM HIS JACKET
AND BEGINS TO FILL IT WITH DIRT.

THAT SHOULD
BE ENOUGH. I
HOPE I'VE GOT
THE WEIGHT
RIGHT.

GOTTA STAY
LOOSE...
RELAXED...

READY...
SET...
GO!

IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE, THE DOL RESTS IN INDY'S
HAND, THE BAG OF DIRT ON THE POLISHED STONE
BEFORE HIM.

FOR A LONG
MOMENT, ALL
IS SILENCE.

ALMOST WITHOUT THOUGHT, INDY IS ACROSS
THE ROOM STILL AVOIDING THE DEADLY DARK TILES.

... A SILENCE BROKEN
BY A RUMBLE THAT
SHAKES THE ENTIRE
TEMPLE TO ITS FOUN-
DATIONS AS THE PED-
ESTAL BENEATH THE
DIRT-FILLED BAG
DROPS FIVE INCHES!

BAD
GUESS.

GET
OUT
OF HERE,
SATIPO!

BUT THE PERUVIAN NEEDS NO SUCH URGING.

HE HAS ALREADY FLED BY THE TIME INDY HURLS HIMSELF
OUT OF THE SANCTUARY, JUST AS THE CEILING OF THE ROOM
BEGINS TO COLLAPSE.

AIEEE!

... AND THE
AIR BEHIND HIM
IS FILLED WITH
DEADLY DARTS.

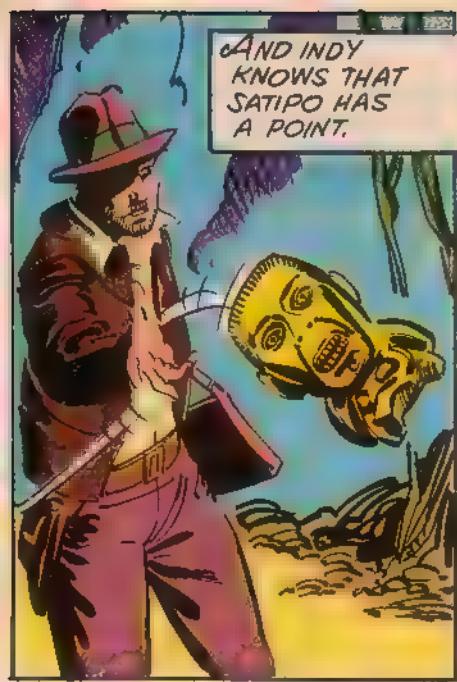
SATIPO, HOWEVER IS NOT FAR AHEAD...

.. JUST FAR
ENOUGH.

NO TIME
TO ARGUE!
THROW ME
THE IDOL!
I THROW
YOU THE
WHIP!

UH-OH

YOU HAVE
NO CHOICE!
HURRY!



GOT ONE! WHEN I CATCH SATIPO, HE'S GONNA REGRET HE EVER--

YAAARRGGH!

HOLY

THAT CAME FROM THE CHAMBER OF LIGHT WHERE WE FOUND FORRESTAL.

EASY NOW. GOT TO STAY OUT OF THE LIGHT BEAM

LOOKS LIKE THE GOOD GUYS WIN AFTER ALL, EH, SATIPO?

ADIOS
PARTNER

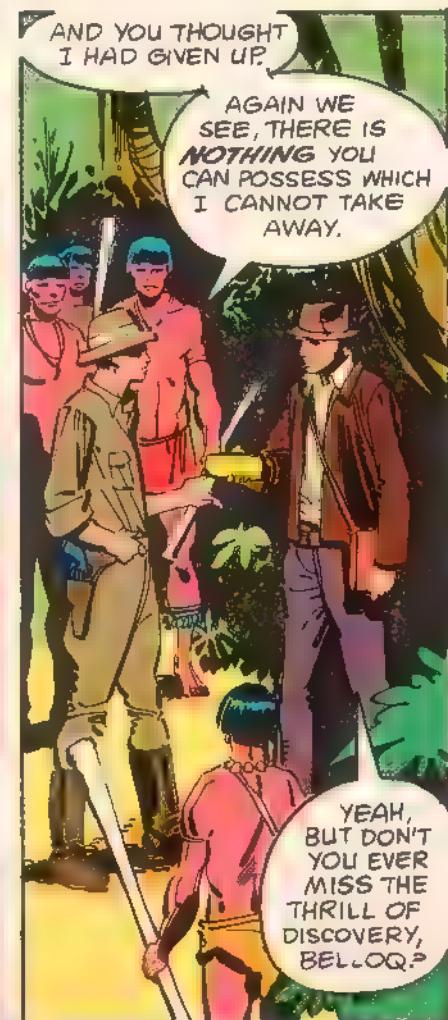
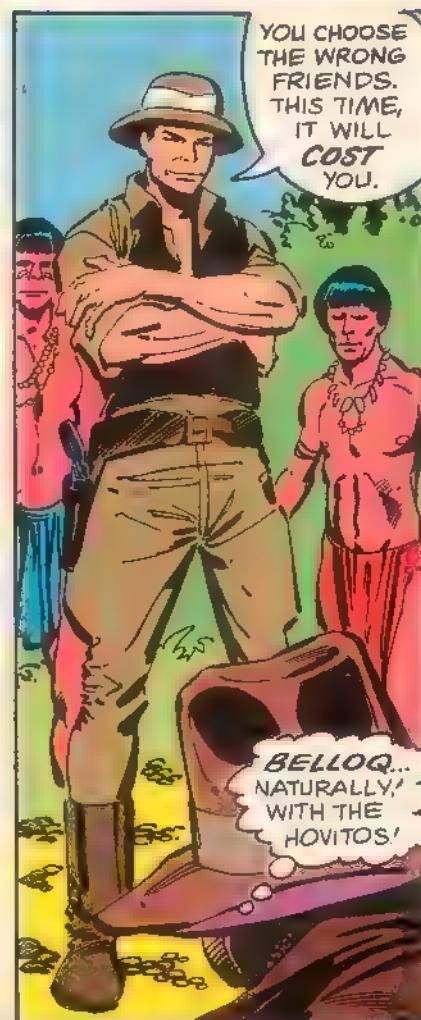
THE TEMPLE'S STILL SHAKING, AND THE NOISE IS GETTING LOUDER.

SOMETHING TELLS ME THE DIRTY TRICKS AREN'T OVER YET.

BOOM!

AND HERE COMES THE NEXT ONE! SOUNDS LIKE THE SHAKING OF THE TEMPLE RELEASED SOMETHING... SOMETHING BIG!

MOVE IT, INDIY! MOVE IT!



ENOUGH! THE HOVITOS WILL LEAVE YOU FOR THE SNAKES INSTEAD OF GRANTING YOU A CLEAN DEATH, IF I WISH IT.

TOO BAD YOUR FRIENDS DON'T KNOW YOU LIKE I DO.

YOU SEE I KNOW EVEN YOUR SECRET FEAR.

YES, TOO BAD, YOU COULD WARN THEM, IF ONLY YOU SPOKE HOVITOS.

WITH THAT, BELLOQ TURNS TO THE INDIANS, RAISES THE IDOL BEFORE THEIR ASTONISHED EYES, AND SPEAKS IN THEIR TONGUE.

THE RESULTS ARE DRAMATIC... AND IMMEDIATE...

...AS IS INDY'S REACTION!

LIKE THEY SAY, BELLOQ, HE WHO TURNS AND RUNS AWAY...

GETS SHOT IN THE BACK?

«KILL HIM!»

THE POISON OF THE HOVITOS' DARTS IS FRESH AND DEADLY, THE WARRIOR'S MARKSMEN OF RENOWN...

...BUT THEY HAVE NO MORE SUCCESS BRINGING INDY DOWN THAN DID THE SNARES OF THE CHACHAPOYAN TEMPLE.

THE MAN IS A SURVIVOR...

...AS HIS PRESENCE SOME DAYS LATER IN HIS CLASSROOM AT A STATESIDE UNIVERSITY DEMONSTRATES.

...BUT I HAD IT, MARCUS. AND I'LL GET IT, AGAIN. MARRAKESH IS THE ONLY PLACE BELLOQ CAN SELL THE IDOL

ALL I'M ASKING IS THE PRICE OF A TICKET THERE AND BACK.

I'LL KEEP, OLD BOY. WE'VE SOME PEOPLE HERE TO SEE YOU.

ARMY INTELLIGENCE, AND INDY... I THINK IT'S BIG. REALLY BIG

WELL, IF IT'S THE DRAFT BOARD, I'VE ALREADY SERVED.

GOOD AFTERNOON, DR. JONES. I'M COLONEL MUSGROVE. THIS IS MAJOR EATON.

WE WON'T WASTE WORDS, SIR. WE'VE EXAMINED YOUR BACKGROUND. IMPRESSIVE. DOCTOR OF ARCHEOLOGY, EXPERT ON THE OCCULT, AND-- HOW DOES ONE SAY IT--?

A MAN OF MANY TALENTS.

AN OBTAINER OF RARE ANTIQUITIES?

THAT'S ONE WAY TO SAY IT.

YOU STUDIED UNDER DR. ABNER RAVENWOOD AT CHICAGO. DO YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS NOW?

SOMEWHERE IN ASIA, LAST I HEARD. WE WERE FRIENDS ONCE. IT... DIDN'T WORK OUT, I'M SORRY TO SAY.

I SEE.

YOU UNDERSTAND, DR. JONES, THIS IS ALL STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.

FOR THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE NAZIS HAVE BEEN SENDING ARCHEOLOGICAL TEAMS AROUND THE WORLD...

YESTERDAY, WE INTERCEPTED A GERMAN COMMUNIQUE TO BERLIN, APPARENTLY FROM AN ARCHEOLOGICAL DIG NEAR CAIRO.

WE KNOW IT'S IMPORTANT.

NATURALLY.

WE NEED YOUR HELP.

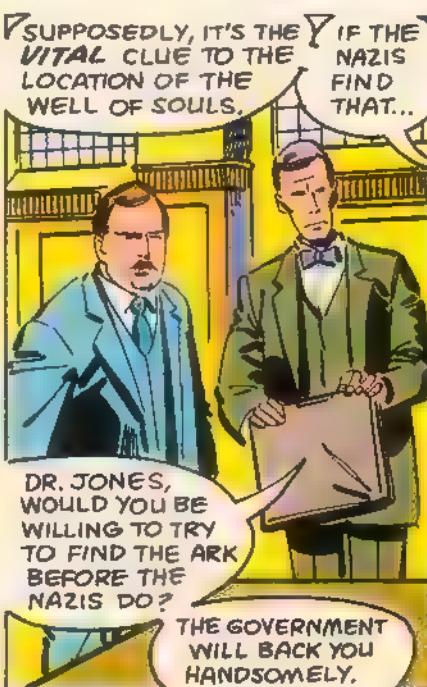
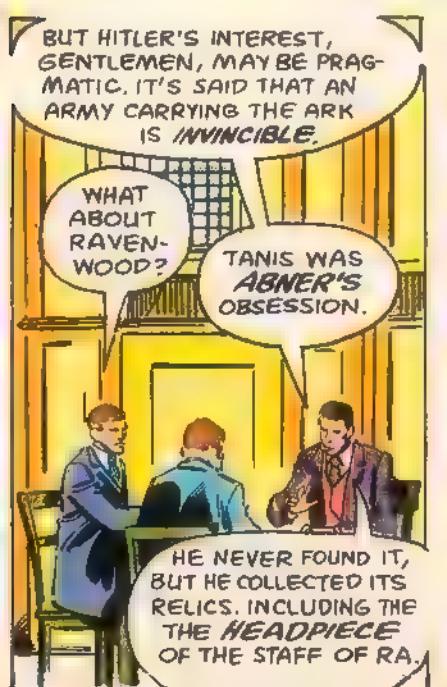
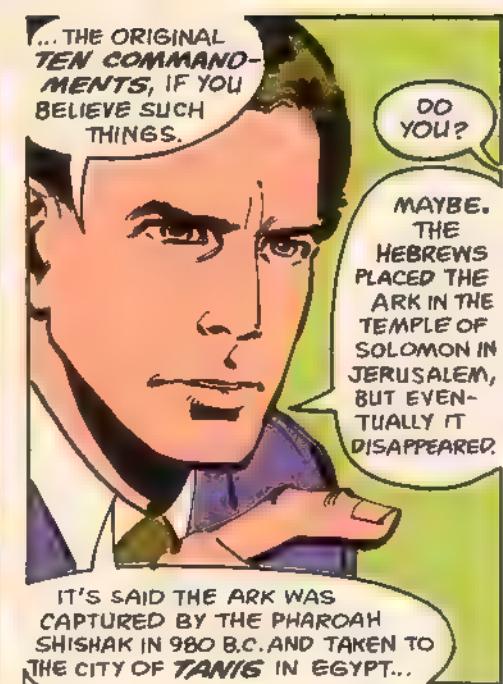
SEARCHING OUT ALL KINDS OF RELIGIOUS ARTIFACTS, AND HITLER IS RESPONSIBLE!

HE'S OBSESSED WITH THE OCCULT!

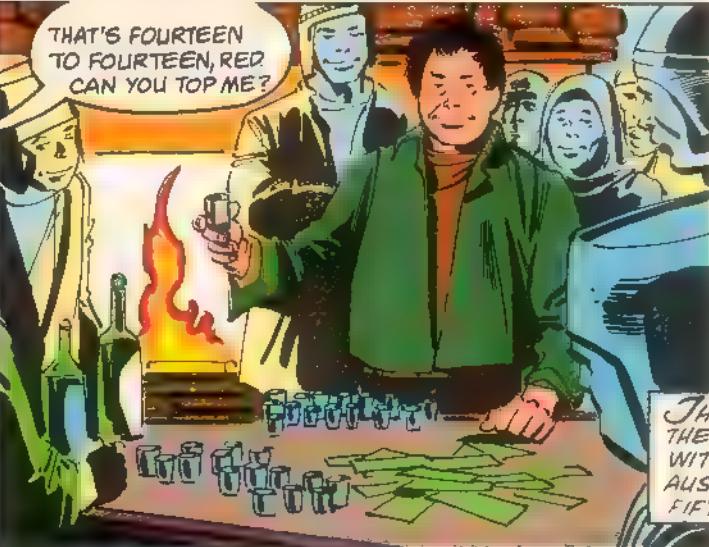
WE DON'T KNOW WHY.

WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT.

IT SAYS SIMPLY, "TANIS DEVELOPMENT PROCEEDING. ACQUIRE HEADPIECE STAFF OF RA, ABNER RAVENWOOD, U.S.A."



SOME DAYS LATER, IN THE "RAVEN" SALOON IN PATAN, NEPAL, A DRINKING CONTEST NEARS ITS END UNDER THE EYES OF AS TOUGH A COLLECTION OF RIFFRAFF AS CAN BE FOUND IN THE HIMALAYAS.





JUST LISTEN TO ME. I'M LOOKING FOR A BRONZE **DISC** YOUR FATHER COLLECTED, SHAPED LIKE THE SUN. HAS A LITTLE HOLE OFF-CENTER WITH A CRYSTAL IN IT.

THE HEAD-PIECE TO THE STAFF OF RA.

AND MARION, I'VE GOT MONEY.

YOU DON'T LOOK RICH. HOW MUCH?

\$5,000.

I AM IMPRESSED. BUT I'VE GOT TO THINK THIS OUT. I'M USED TO BARGAINING WITH YAKS.

YOU'D BETTER COME BACK TOMORROW.

I STILL DON'T KNOW IF I CAN TRUST YOU. YOU SAID YOU'D COME BACK LAST TIME.

AND SO I HAVE.

BOSSY, AREN'T YOU?

ENOUGH TO GET YOU BACK TO THE STATES. WHERE ARE HIS THINGS?

GONE, INDY. I SOLD THAT JUNK HE'D WASTED HIS LIFE ON AFTER HE DIED.

RUINED HIM... AND ME!

BUT MAYBE YOU KNOW WHERE SOME OF IT IS.

MAYBE. HOW IMPORTANT IS THAT DOODAD?

IT'S TIME I STARTED CALLING THE SHOTS IN THIS RELATIONSHIP.

AND LEAVE THE MONEY HERE.

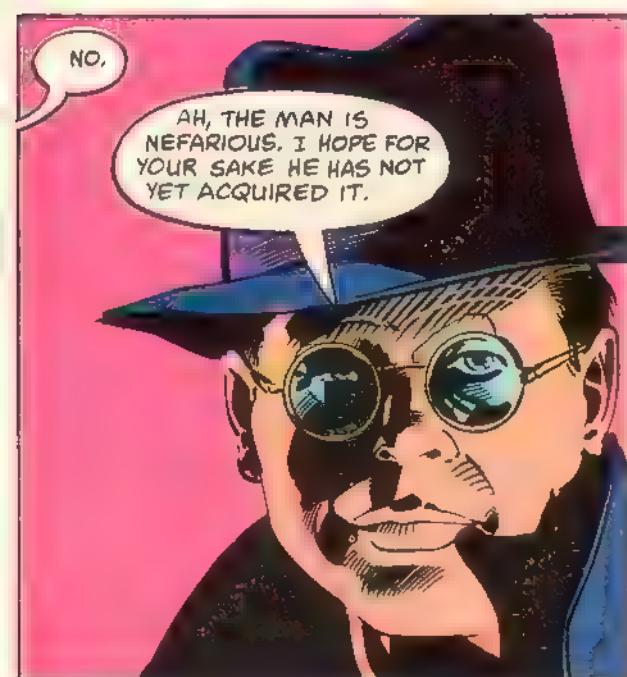
YOU'RE STILL A SNOW LEOPARD.

ARE YOU COMPLAINING?

I NEVER DID. SEE YOU TOMORROW.

TOMORROW, INDY.

AND MAYBE I DO KNOW WHERE SOME OF IT IS.



I'M AFRAID AN AUCTION
WILL **NOT** BE
POSSIBLE.

BUT I'M QUITE
SURE YOU WILL
BE HAPPY TO TELL
US WHERE THE
PIECE IS RIGHT
NOW.

THE THIRD REICH
WILL BE VERY
GRATEFUL.

LISTEN,
HERR MAC, I DON'T
KNOW WHO YOU'RE USED
TO DEALING WITH, BUT
NOBODY TELLS ME
WHAT TO DO IN MY OWN
PLACE.

AND
TELL
YOUR
MONKEY
TO GET
OFF MY
BACK.

AMERICANS! YOU ARE
ALL ALIKE,
FRAULEIN'

AND YOUR
FIRE IS
DYING.

I WILL
SHOW YOU
WHAT I'M
USED TO.

WAIT!
I CAN BE
REASON-
ABLE!

THAT
TIME HAS
PASSED.

YOU
DON'T NEED
THAT!

I'LL TELL YOU
EVERYTHING!

I'M
SURE
YOU
WILL...

...EVENTUALLY!

MAYBE THE LADY
DOESN'T WANT TO
TALK TO JUST
ANYBODY.

WHA--?

... FLIES THROUGH THE AIR AND
LANDS AGAINST THE HEAVY CURTAINS!

THE
POKER...!

INSTANTLY
THEY BURST
INTO
FLAME!

SHRATT!

HELLO,
FOLKS, JUST
A SOCIAL CALL

NOW STEP
AWAY FROM
HER SLOWLY.

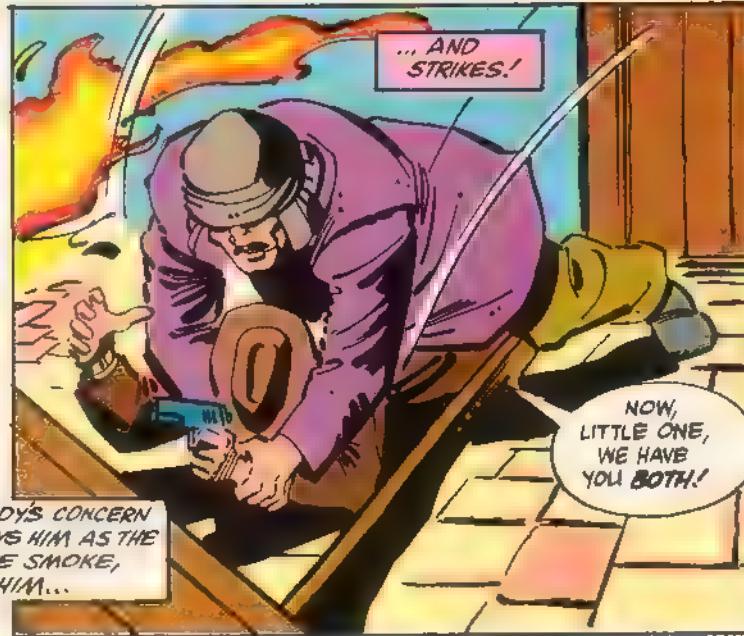
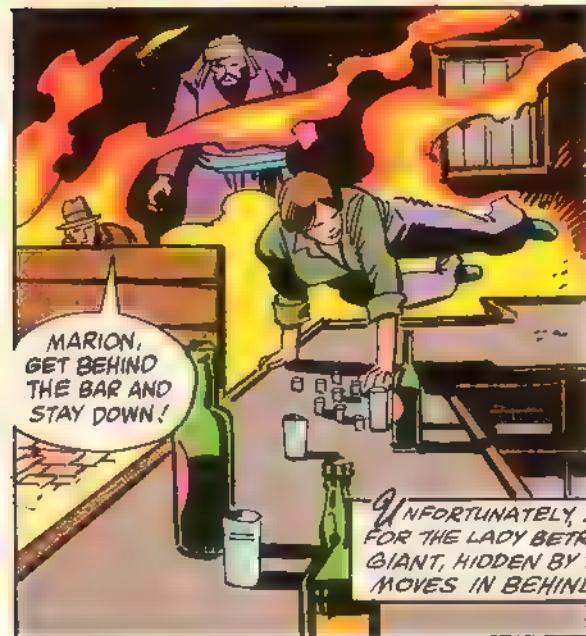
SCATTER!?
AND KILL
HIM!

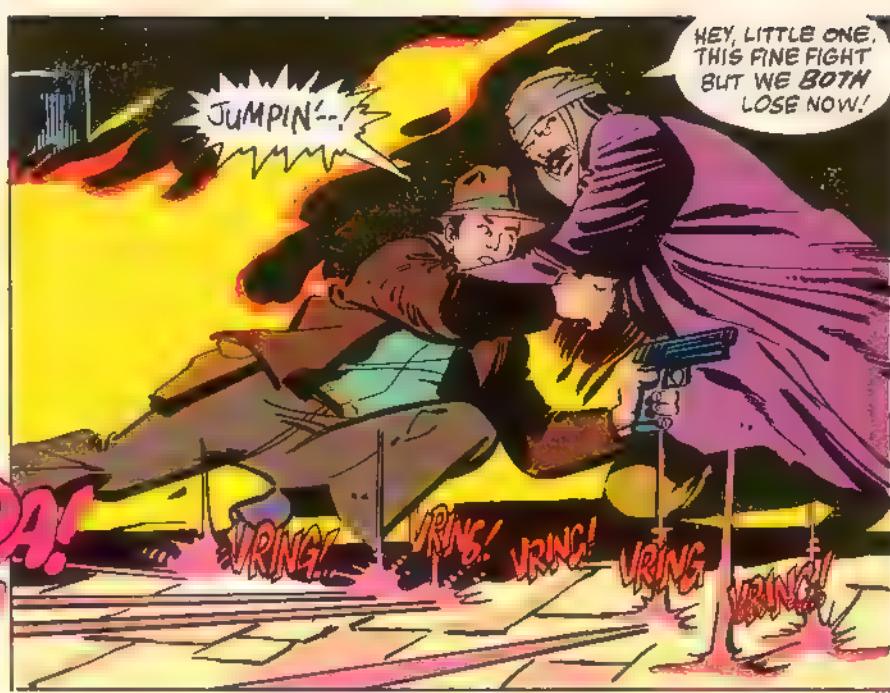
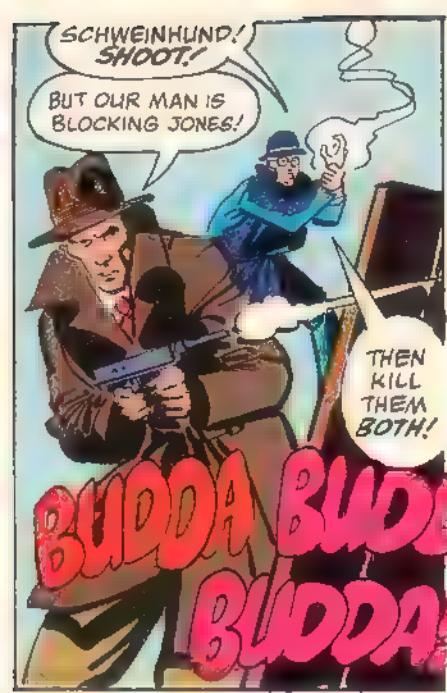
AS TABLES AND CHAIRS ARE HASTILY UPENDED
FOR COVER, THE CEILING, SET AFIRE BY THE CUR-
TAINS, BEGINS TO DROP BURNING FRAGMENTS
INTO THE ROOM BELOW..

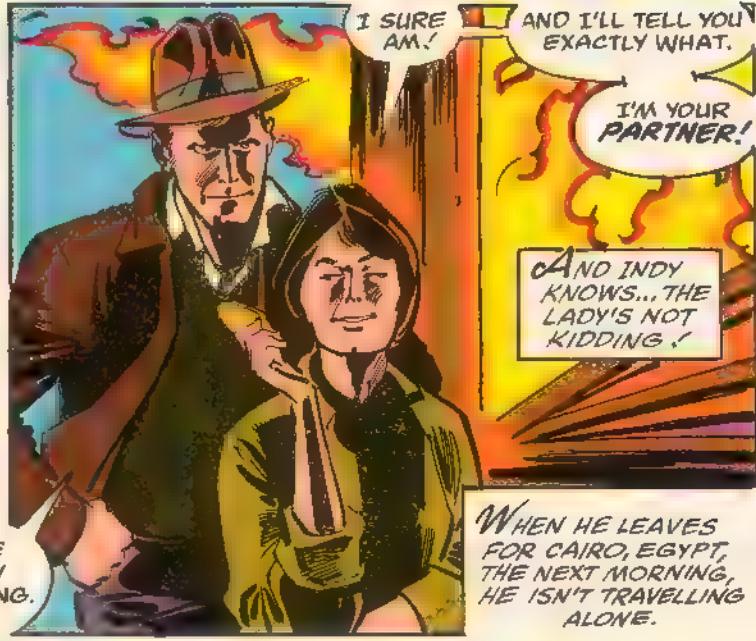
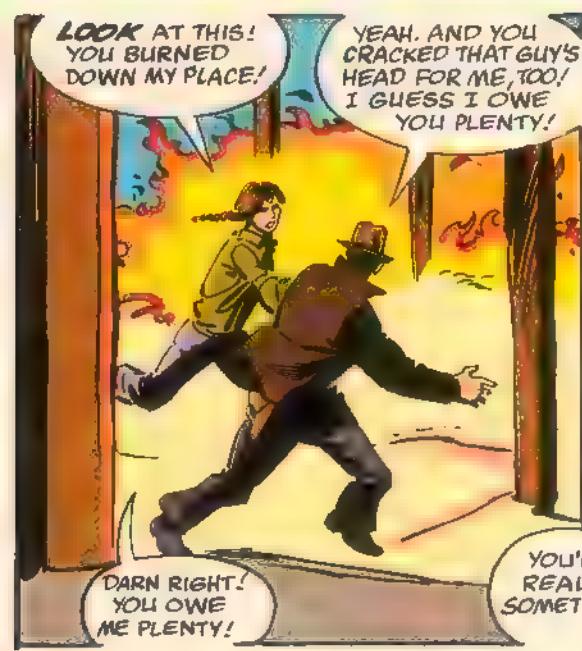
CRASH!
THUD!

.. AND THE ALCOHOL
SOAKED BAR GOES
UP IN A BLAZE OF
GLORY!

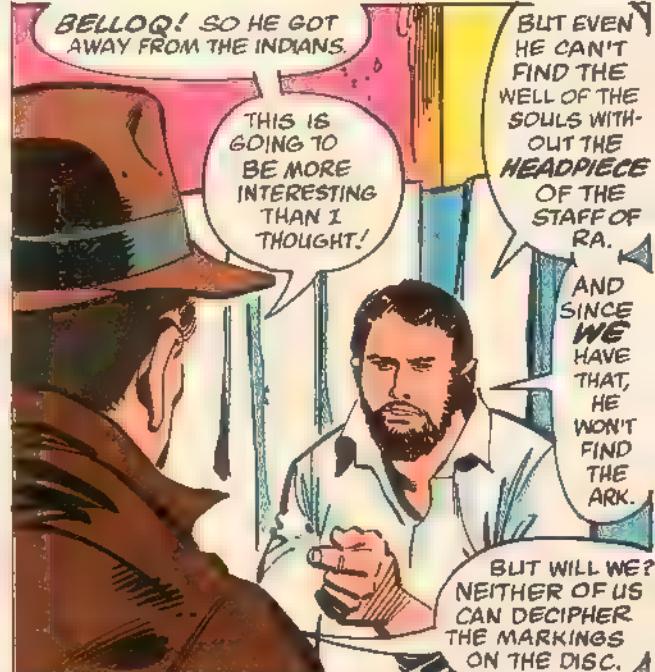
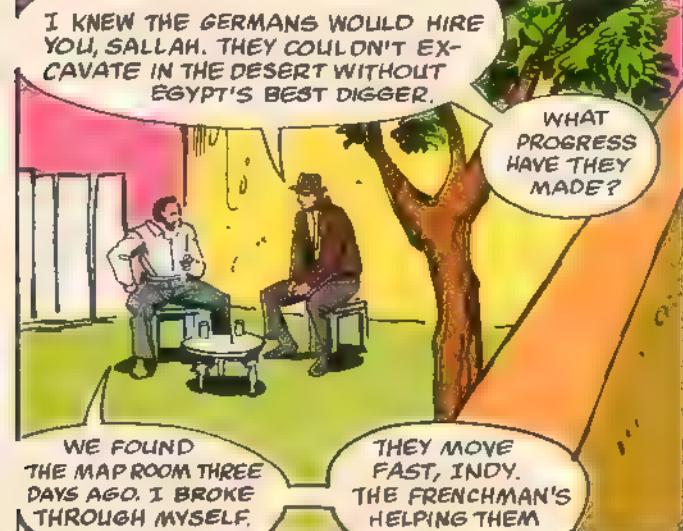
BLAM! BLAM!







CAIRO... A CITY OF ANCIENT MYSTERIES... AND A STAGING AREA FOR THE NAZI ARCHEOLOGICAL TEAMS THAT ARE UNCOVERING THE LOST CITY OF TANIS, SEARCHING FOR ITS GREATEST TREASURE-- THE ARK OF THE COVENANT!



PERHAPS NOT, TOMORROW, HOWEVER, WE WILL GO SEE SOMEONE WHO MIGHT.

BUT INDY, SOMETHING TROUBLES ME.

WHAT IS IT, MY FRIEND?



T IS THE ARK, IF IT IS THERE AT TANIS, IT IS NOT SOMETHING MAN WAS MEANT TO DISTURB. IT IS DEADLY, AND IT IS NOT OF THIS EARTH.

BEHIND THE TWO MEN, THE WIND RISES STEADILY INTO THE EVENING.

...YET, IN THE MORNING, THE SUN SHINES AS BRIGHTLY AS EVER, UNTRoubLED BY SUCH DISTANT PORTENTS, AS INDY AND MARION WALK THROUGH THE MARKETPLACES OF THE CITY.

I'M SURPRISED YOU HAVEN'T FOUND A NICE GIRL TO SETTLE DOWN WITH AND RAISE EIGHT KIDS.

WHO SAYS I HAVEN'T?



NAH, YOU COULDN'T TAKE THE RESPONSIBILITY. DAD HAD YOU FIGURED

HOW WAS THAT?

Hmmm



HE SAID YOU WERE A BUM...

...THE MOST GIFTED BUM HE EVER TRAINED. HE LOVED YOU. IT TOOK A LOT FOR YOU TO ALIENATE HIM.

NOT SO MUCH. JUST YOU.

MAYBE YOU SHOULD HAVE PICKED ON SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE.



THEN HERE'S MY CHANCE!

RUN, MARION! GET TO SALLAH'S! I'LL JOIN YOU LATER!

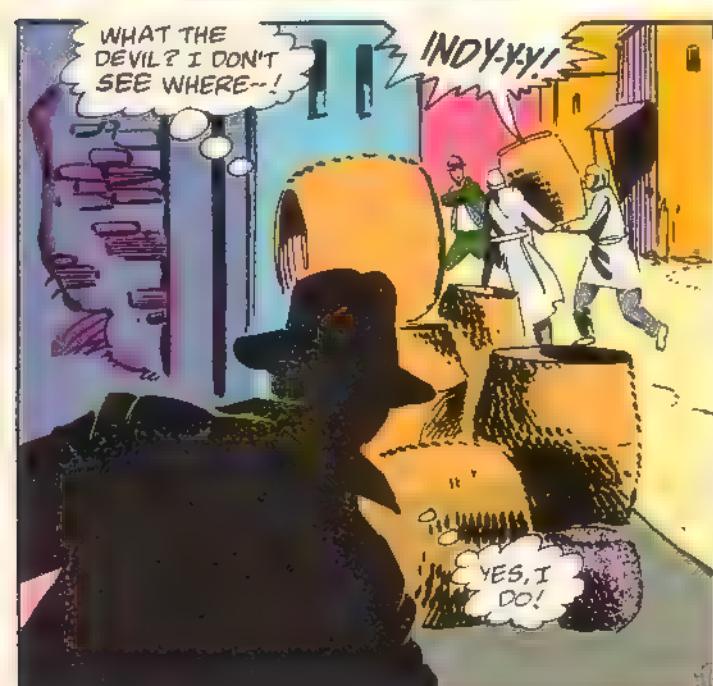
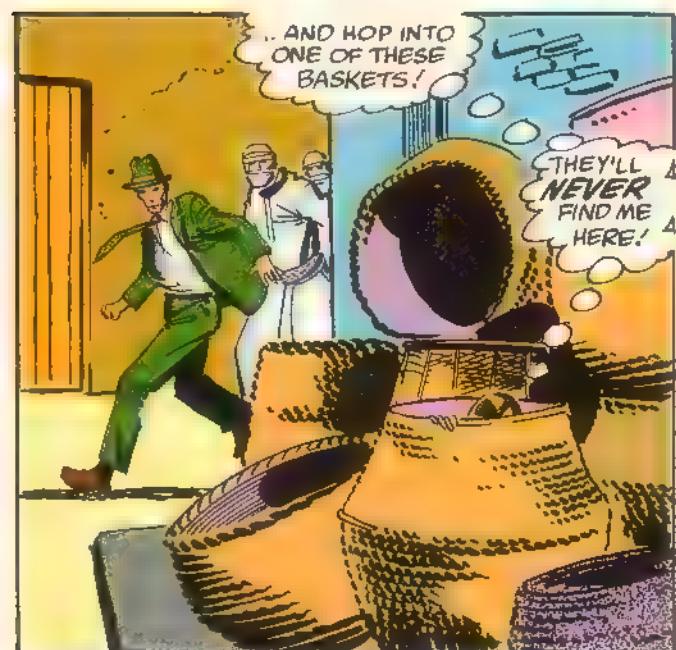
--BUT, INDY--

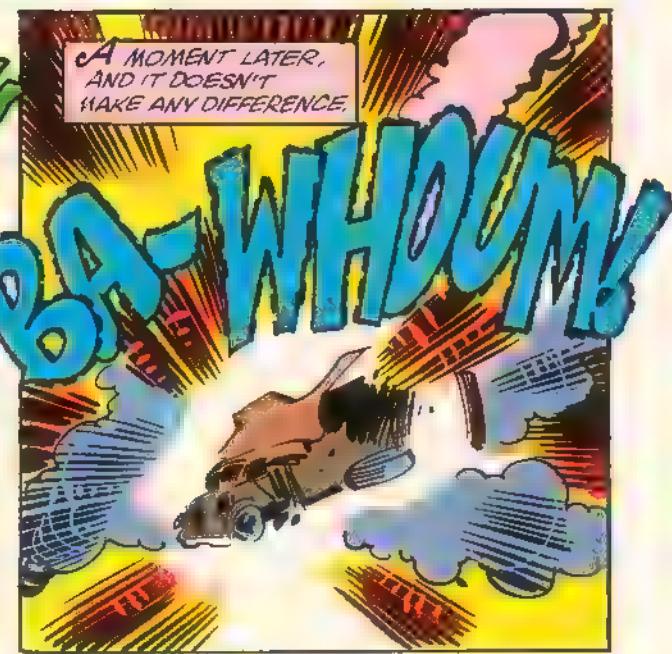
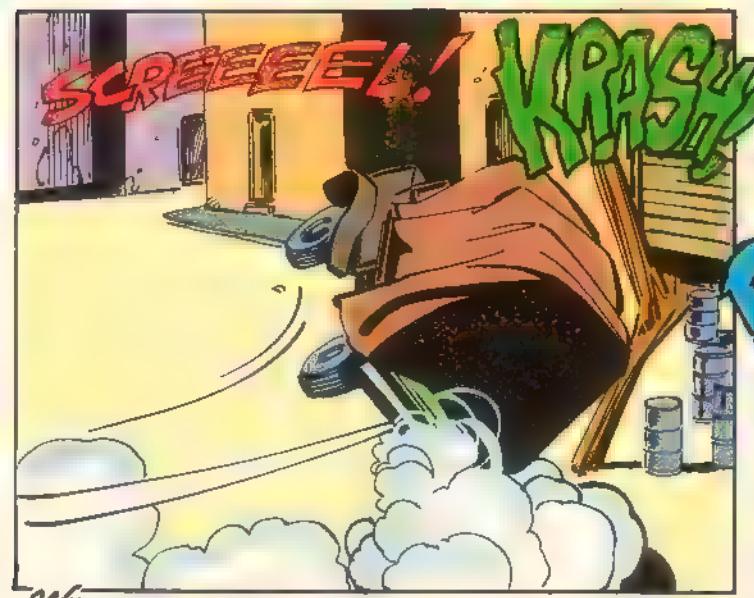
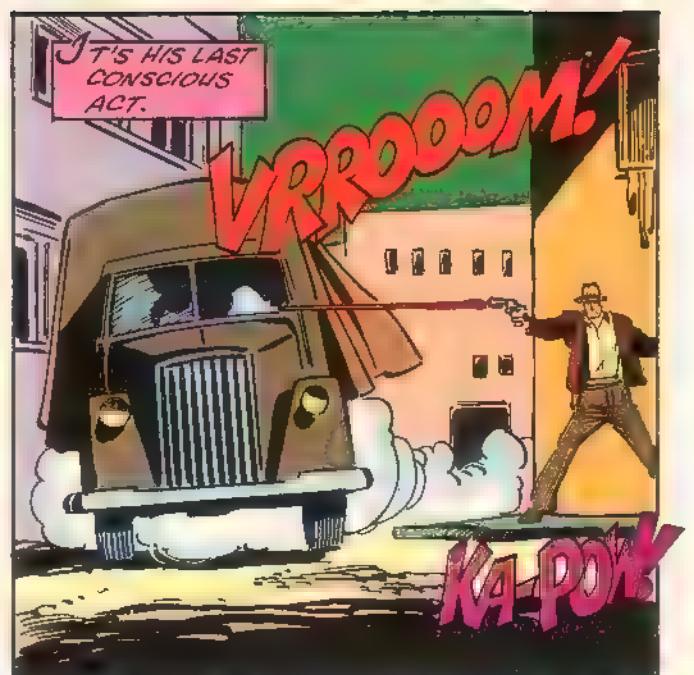
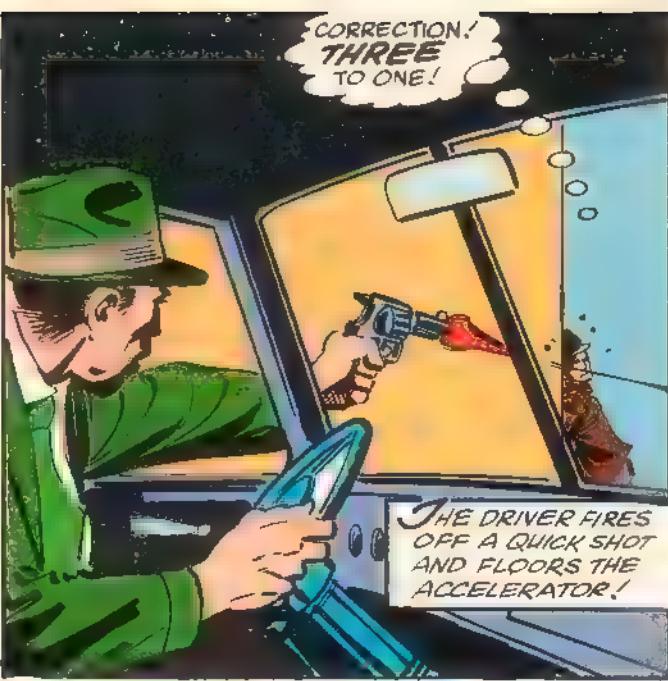


SKRACH!

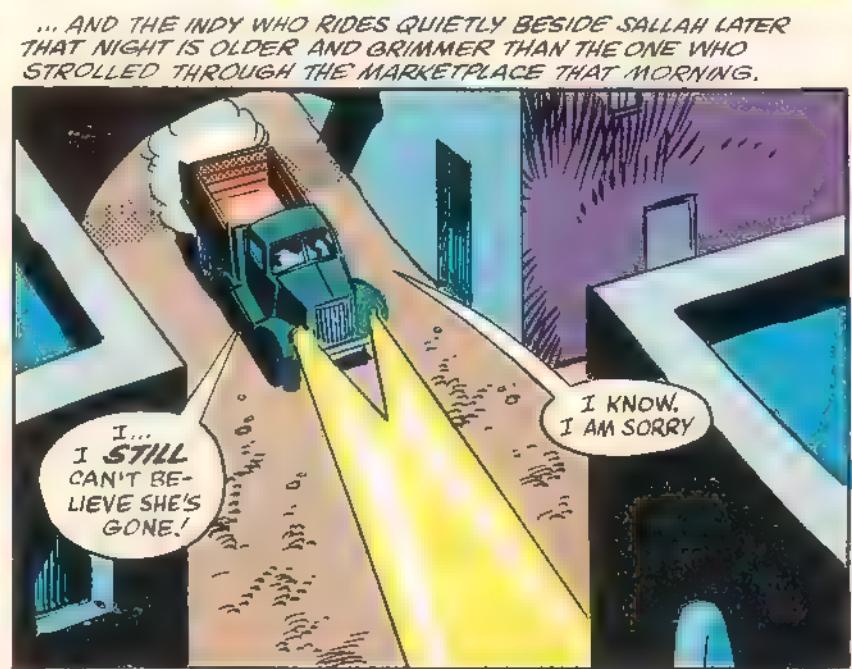
AARGH!







WHAT INDY CANNOT KNOW IS THAT THIS TRUCK IS CARRYING, AMONG OTHER THINGS, GERMAN MUNITIONS, FIREARMS, AND DYNAMITE!



YET LIFE GOES ON. I
MY OWN CHILDREN
ARE THE PROOF
AND THIS IS ALL THE
MORE REASON TO BEAT
THE NAZIS, EH?

YES, BUT FROM
WHAT YOU'VE TOLD
ME, IT MAY BE IM-
POSSIBLE NOW!

THAT MAY BE, BUT I CAN ONLY TELL YOU WHAT I SAW
TODAY--A HEADPIECE LIKE YOURS, WITH MARKINGS ON
ONE SIDE AND A CRYSTAL CENTER.

THEY ENTERED THE MAP ROOM
WITH IT, AND WHEN THEY CAME OUT,
WE WERE TOLD TO DIG IN A NEW PLACE
AWAY FROM THE CAMP

WHERE COULD
BELLOQ HAVE
GOTTEN A DUPLICATE
OF THE HEADPIECE?
THERE ARE NO COPIES
OR PHOTOS ANYWHERE!

THE
WELL OF THE
SOULS! AND
THE ARK'S
INSIDE!

PERHAPS
WE WILL
KNOW MORE WHEN
WE HAVE TALKED
TO IMAM.

Shortly, in the house of IMAM-- SCHOLAR, ASTRONOMER,
PRIEST...

SO YOU CAN
READ THE
MARKINGS?

YES, BUT THEY SPEAK
OF A WARNING...
NOT TO DISTURB THE
ARK OF THE COVENANT.

JUST WHAT
I NEEDED.

WHAT ABOUT THE
STAFF OF RA IT-
SELF?

IT IS DESCRIBED
HERE ITS HEIGHT
IS GIVEN.

THEN THAT'S
HOW BELLOQ
MADE HIS
CALCULATIONS
IN THE MAP
ROOM. WHAT
DOES IT SAY?

IT IS WRITTEN IN THE
OLD WAY, SIX KADAM
HIGH...

THAT'S
ABOUT
72
INCHES.

YOU SAID ONLY ONE
SIDE OF BELLOQ'S HEAD-
PIECE HAD MARKINGS.

THAT
IS SO,
INDY.

WAIT. THERE IS
MORE ON THE BACK--"
AND ONE KADAM BACK TO
HONOR THE HEBREW GOD
WHOSE ARK THIS IS."

THEN BELLOQ'S STAFF IS 12 INCHES
LONG! WHICH MEANS THE NAZIS ARE
DIGGING IN THE **WRONG SPOT!** WE
MAY STILL BEAT
THEM!

INDY,
MY FRIEND,
YOU ARE ARE
VERY LUCKY
FELLOW.
WE'LL SEE.

THE NEXT MORNING, INDY DRIVES WITH SALLAH AND HIS DIGGERS INTO THE DESERT TOWARD THE NEWLY EXCAVATED CITY OF TANIS.

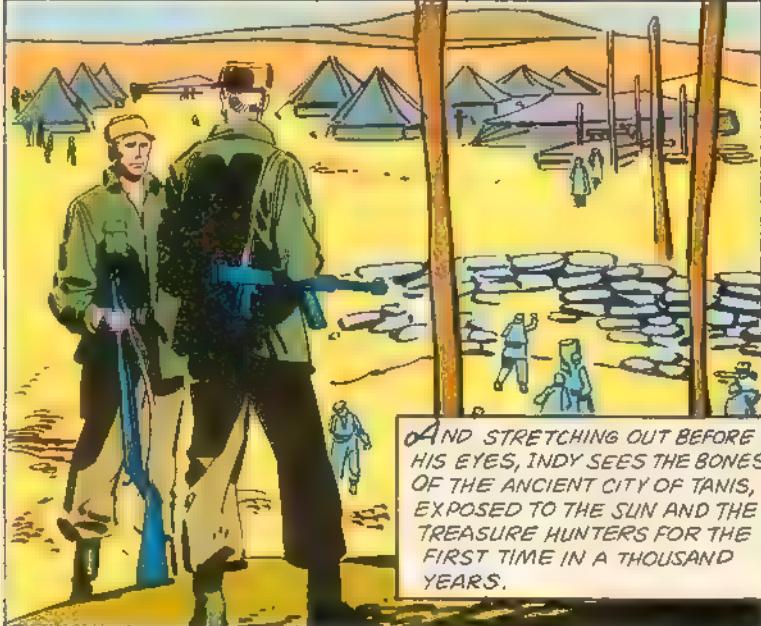
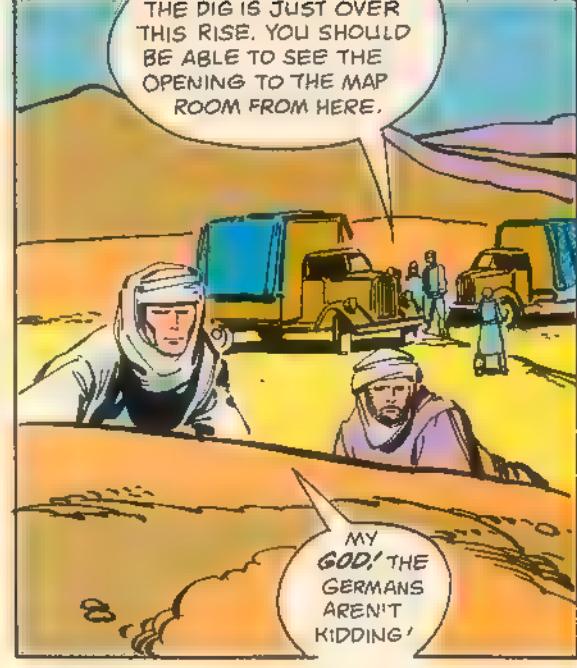
I HAVE TO GET INTO THE MAP ROOM, SALLAH. THE HEADPIECE IS THE KEY, BUT THE MAP ROOM IS THE LOCK

A MINIATURE OF THE ENTIRE CITY IS LAID OUT IN THAT CHAMBER. IF THE LEGENDS ARE RIGHT, I'LL FIND THE LOCATION TO THE WELL OF THE SOULS ON THAT MAP

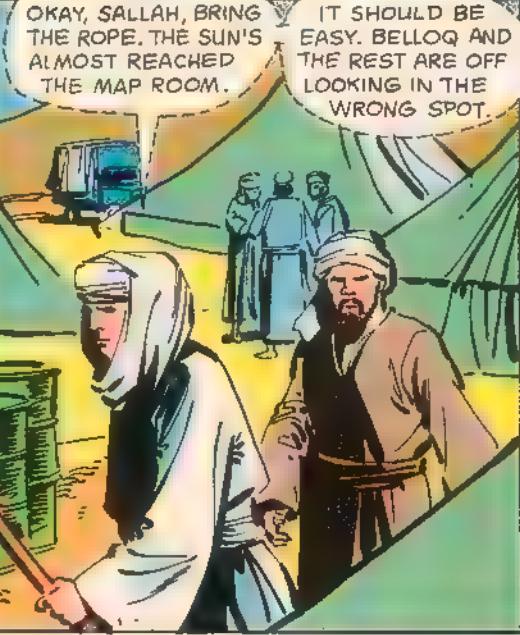
AND IF THEY AREN'T, INDY?

I'LL TURN IN MY BULLFINCH'S MYTHOLOGY

THE DIG IS JUST OVER THIS RISE. YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO SEE THE OPENING TO THE MAP ROOM FROM HERE.



AND STRETCHING OUT BEFORE HIS EYES, INDY SEES THE BONES OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF TANIS, EXPOSED TO THE SUN AND THE TREASURE HUNTERS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A THOUSAND YEARS.



OKAY, SALLAH, BRING IT SHOULD BE THE ROPE. THE SUN'S EASY. BELLOQ AND ALMOST REACHED THE REST ARE OFF THE MAP ROOM.

IT SHOULD BE EASY. BELLOQ AND THE REST ARE OFF LOOKING IN THE WRONG SPOT.



ALL CLEAR, INDY. QUICKLY NOW.

PULL UP THE ROPE THE SECOND I'M DOWN, I'LL CALL WHEN I'M FINISHED.

RIGHT.

THE MAP ROOM OF TANIS!

ABNER, IF ONLY YOU AND MARION COULD HAVE SEEN THIS!

EVERYTHING'S JUST AS WE IMAGINED IT!

BUT DON'T WORRY. I'LL SEE THIS THROUGH FOR ALL OF US!



THAT BUILDING'S BEEN MARKED. THE RESULTS OF BELLOQ'S CALCULATIONS, NO DOUBT...

AND HE'S LEFT HIS TAPE MEASURE BEHIND. HOW THOUGHTFUL OF HIM.

THE LOCATION OF THE WELL OF THE SOULS WILL BE REVEALED BY THE SUNLIGHT FALLING ON THE MODEL.

Hmm... THIS TILE BASELINE DIVIDES THE SOLAR YEAR INTO A CALENDAR...

... AND IF THE STAFF OF RA IS LOCKED INTO THE CORRECT TILE ACCORDING TO THE TIME OF YEAR...

SO THEY SAY.

ALL SET. I'D BETTER ATTACH THE HEADPIECE TO THE STAFF SALLAH AND I MADE LAST NIGHT ACCORDING TO THE DISC'S INSTRUCTIONS...

... AND MAYBE A LITTLE PRAYER WOULDN'T HURT EITHER RIGHT NOW.

MEANWHILE, JUST AS SALLAH FINISHES COILING HIS ROPE...

HEY, YOU! SKINNY ONE!

HUH...

BRING THAT ROPE OVER HERE, YOU CUR. MY TRUCK'S STUCK IN THE SAND.

WHILE BELOW.

LET'S HOPE I'VE READ THE BASELINE CORRECTLY.

WITH THAT, INDY SNAPS HIS STAFF INTO A SPECIFIC TILE.

... AND OFFERS A WORD OR TWO TO ANY DEITY WHO MIGHT BE LISTENING...

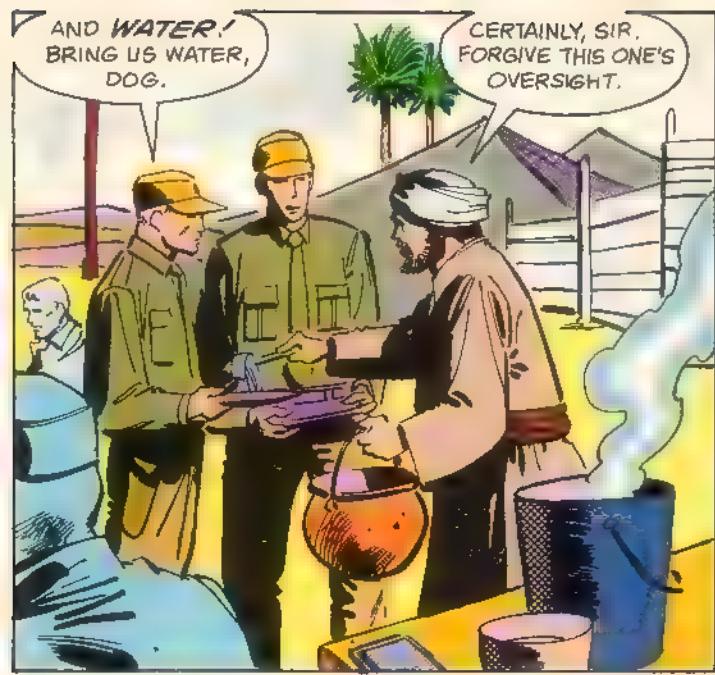
... AS THE SUNLIGHT BEGINS TO CRAWL ACROSS THE FACE OF THE HEADPIECE TOWARD THE CRYSTAL CENTER

MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL. MY MEN ARE HUNGRY.

BRING THEM FOOD.

UAAA

NOW, IDIOT!



MEANWHILE, BELOW, AS THE SUNLIGHT REACHES THE CRYSTAL IMBEDDED IN THE MEDALLION, INDY STANDS MOTIONLESS, WATCHING.

ON THE SHADOW OF THE STAFF OF RA CAST ACROSS THE MINIATURE CITY, A SHAFT OF LIGHT FOCUSED BY THE CRYSTAL LEAPS OUT TO TOUCH A SINGLE STRUCTURE.



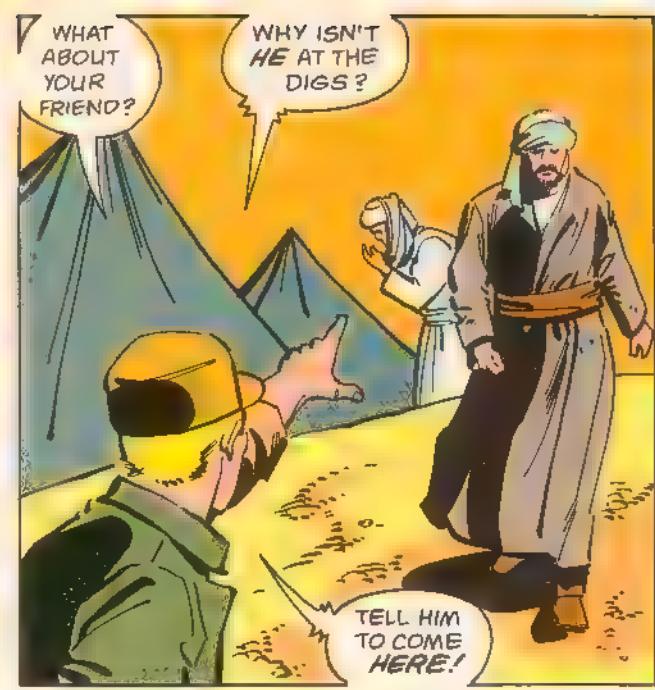
... AND WHETHER BY A TRICK OF PERCEPTION OR THE SKILL OF AN ANCIENT ARTISTRY, THE TINY BUILDING SHIMMERS LIKE A JEWEL AMID THE DUST OF CENTURIES.

THE GLOW IS BRIEF, BUT IT IS ENOUGH
I NEED TO MEASURE
THE DISTANCE AND
BEARING FROM A
KNOWN POINT
ON THE MAP TO
THE GLOWING
BUILDING.

AND THEN
SIMPLY SCALE
THEM UP TO
LOCATE THE
REAL THING!
THAT POINT
IS THE MAP
ROOM ITSELF,
SO WITH
BELLOQ'S
TAPE, I'LL
MAKE MY
MEASURE-
MENTS HERE
ON THE
MODEL...

AND HE SMILES GRIMLY TO HIMSELF TO
SEE THAT THE SITE HE HAS MARKED IS IN
A DIRECT LINE WITH BELLOQ'S, A FOOT
AND A HALF BEYOND IT!



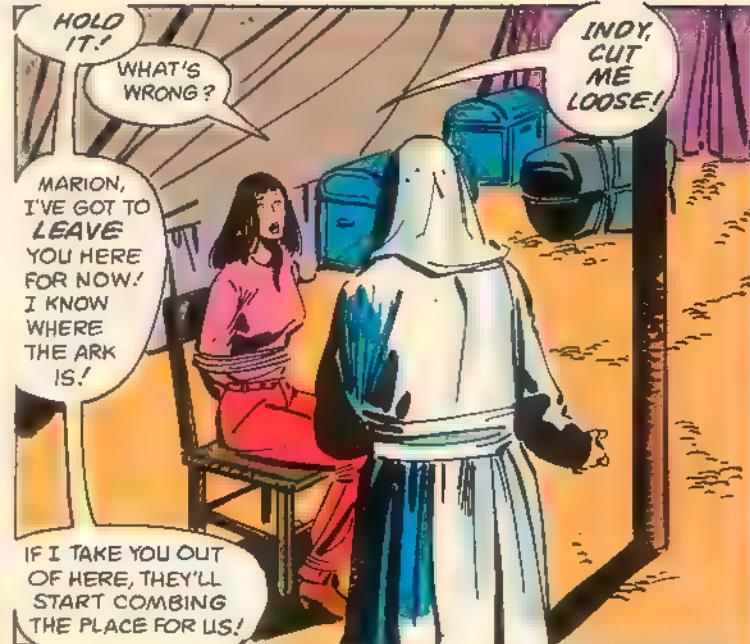


MARION! I THOUGHT
YOU WERE DEAD!

I THOUGHT MAYBE I
WAS! THEY WERE
THROWING ME AROUND
LIKE A RAG DOLL!

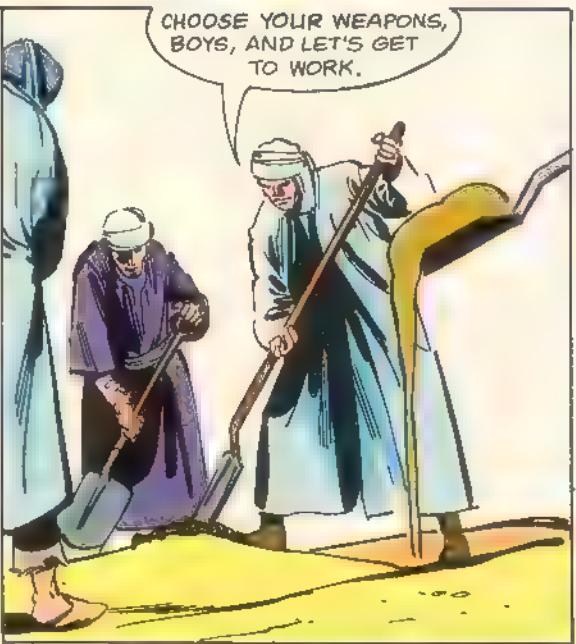
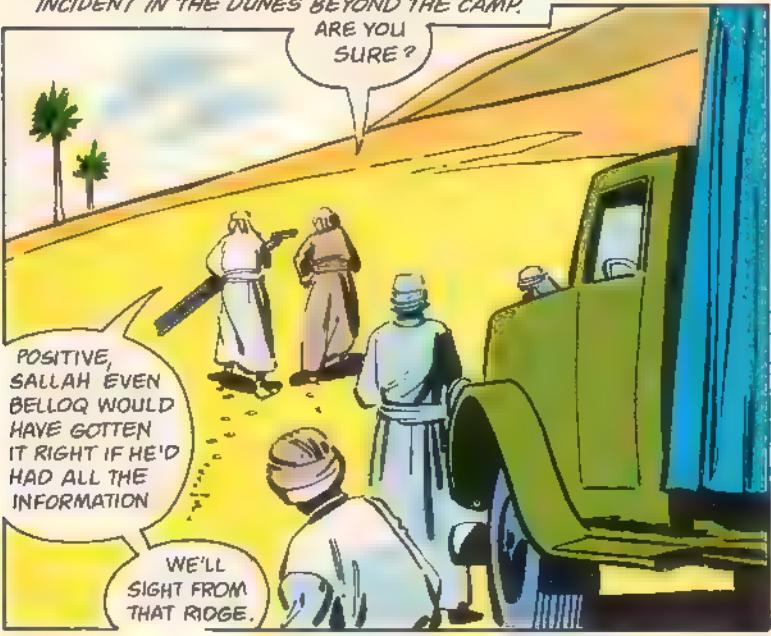
THEY MUST HAVE
SWITCHED BASKETS
ON ME AROUND ONE
OF THOSE CORNERS!

AREN'T YOU
EVER AT A
LOSS FOR
WORDS?



INTO THE DESERT TO REJOIN SALLAH AND HIS DIGGERS WITHOUT INCIDENT IN THE DUNES BEYOND THE CAMP.

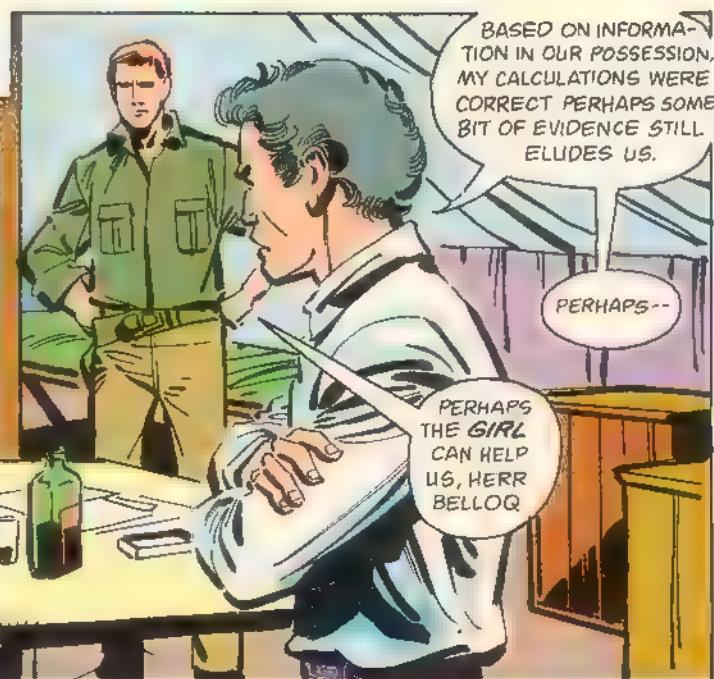
ARE YOU SURE?



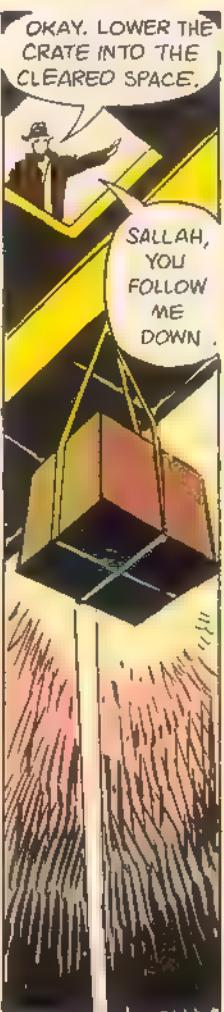
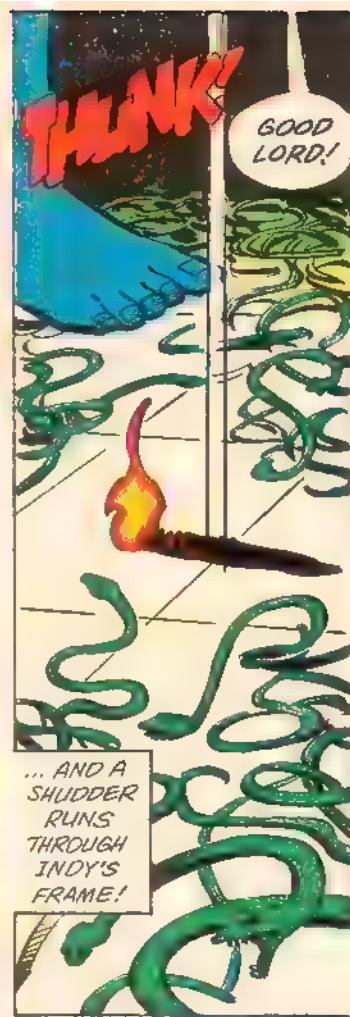
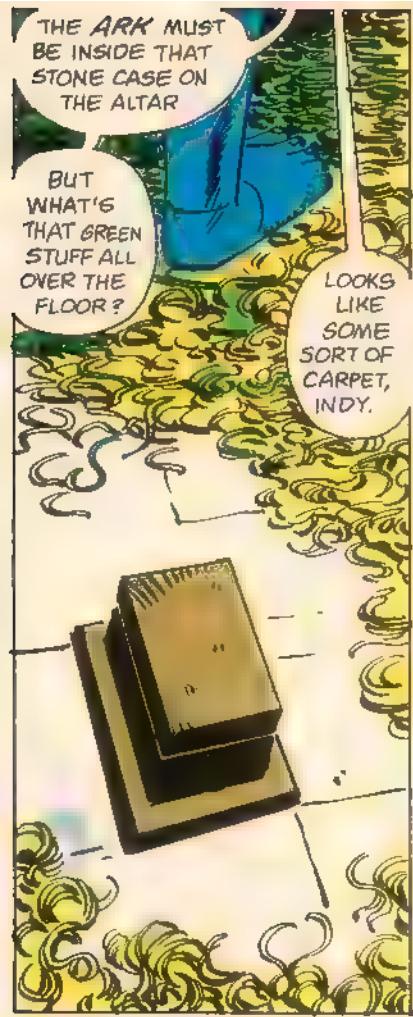
MEANWHILE, THE GERMAN COMMANDER, DIETRICH, AND HIS AIDE, GOBLER, ARE INVOLVED IN A SHARP DISCUSSION WITH BELLOQ ABOUT THE VERY OBJECT OF THEIR SEARCH.

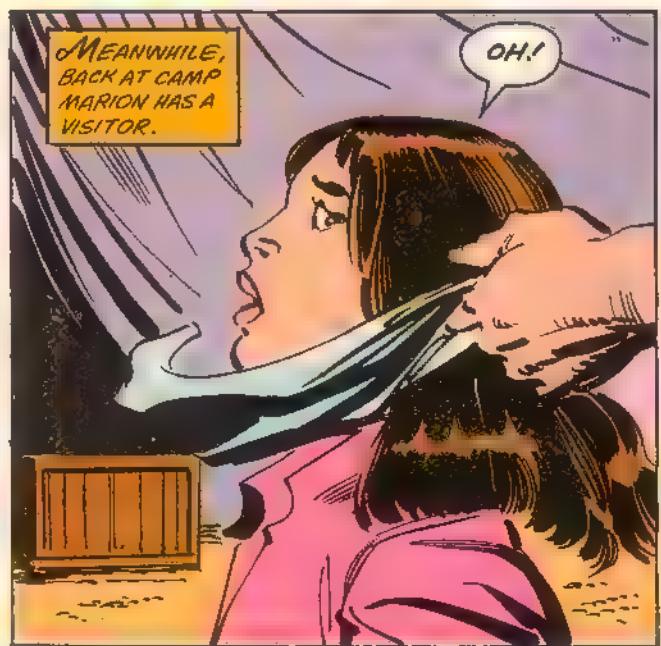
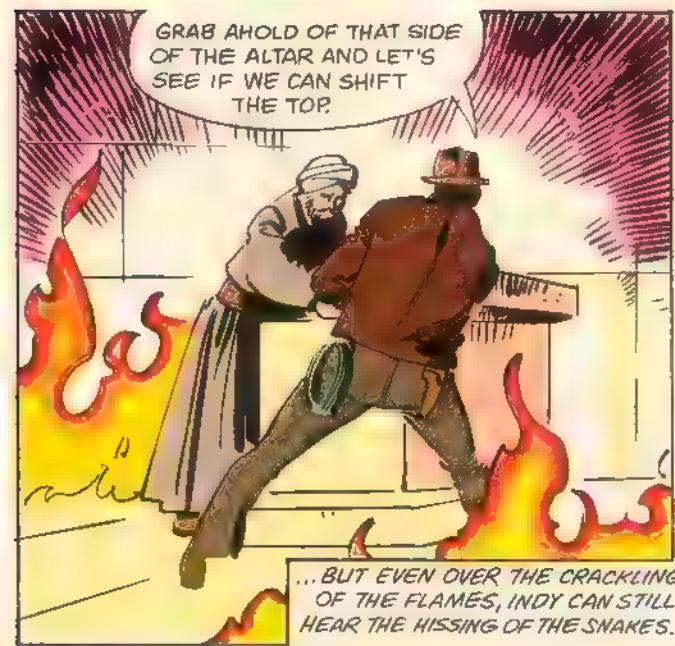
THE FÜHRER IS NOT A PATIENT MAN. HE DEMANDS CONSTANT REPORTS AND HE EXPECTS PROGRESS! YOU LED ME TO BELIEVE--

NOTHING! I CAUTIONED YOU ABOUT BEING PREMATURE WITH THAT COMMUNIQUE TO BERLIN. ARCHEOLOGY DOES NOT ADHERE TO TIME SCHEDULES.



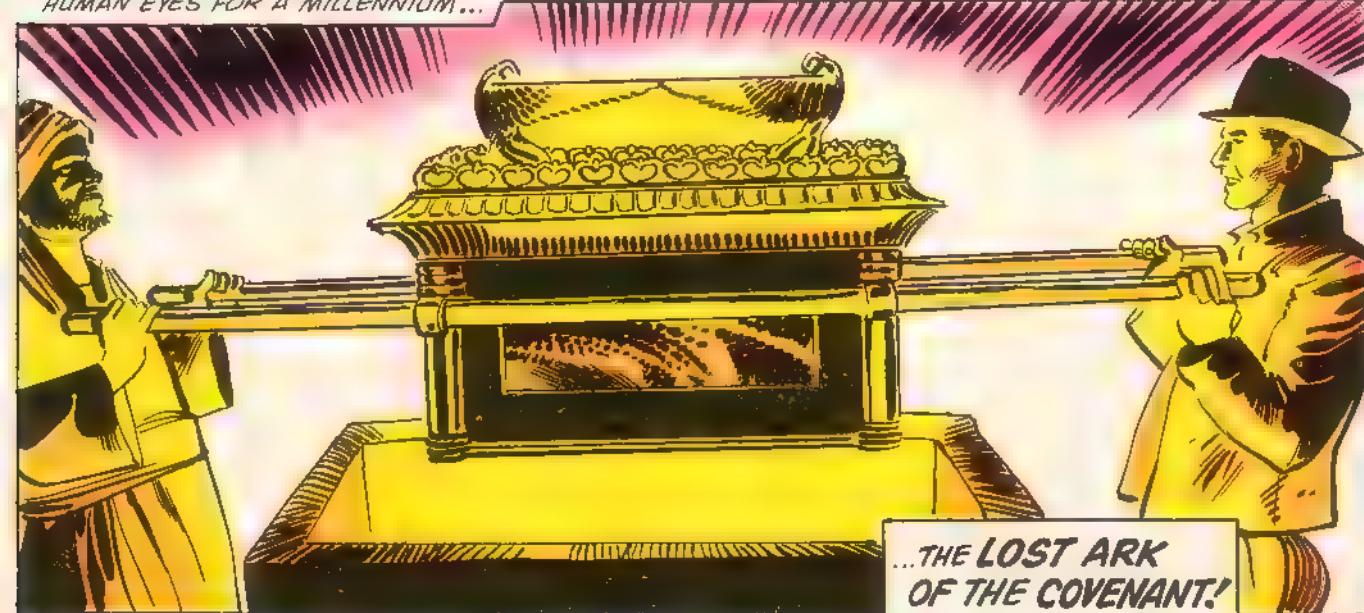






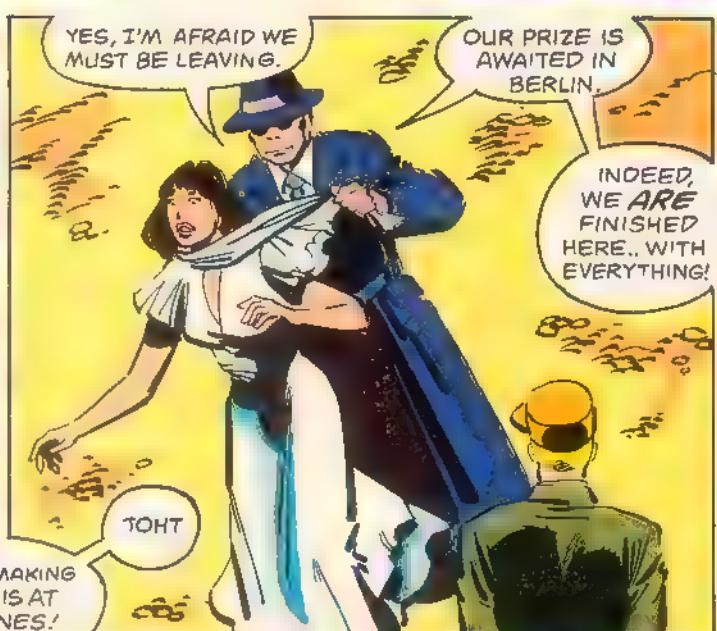
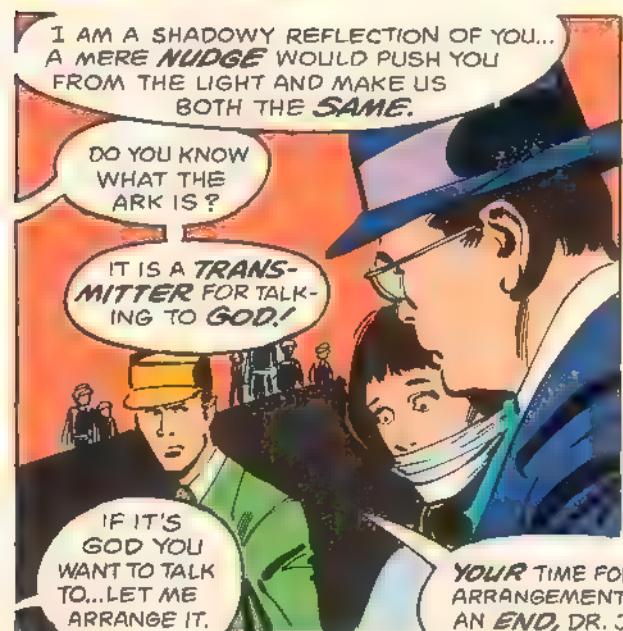
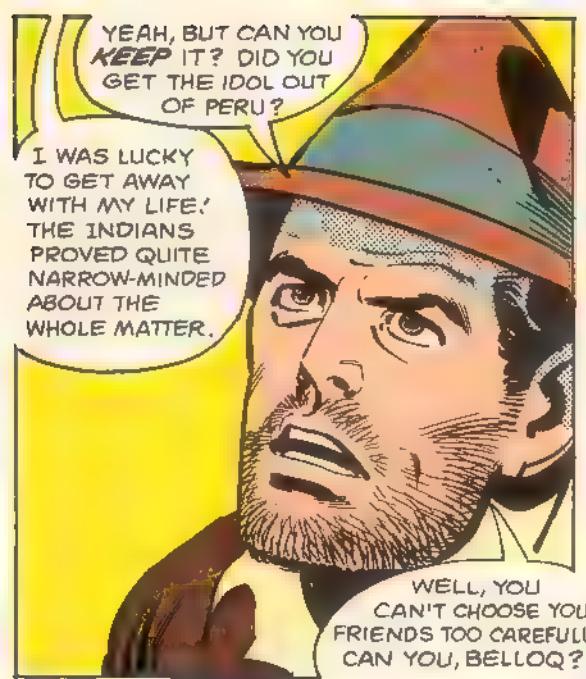


THE VERY ATMOSPHERE SEEMS CHARGED WITH ELECTRICITY AS THE TWO MEN SLIDE LONG WOODEN POLES THROUGH GOLD CARRYING-RINGS AND SLOWLY LIFT FROM INSIDE THE ALTAR, A TREASURE UNSEEN BY HUMAN EYES FOR A MILLENNIUM...



IT IS BUT THE WORK OF A MOMENT
TO PLACE THE ARK GENTLY WITHIN
THE WOODEN CRATE.





AND BEFORE
INDY'S HORRIFIED
EYES, MARION
PLUNGES INTO
THE WELL OF
SOULS!

N0000000!

THE TORCHES
AND THE OIL
ARE NEARLY
BURNED OUT.

...AND IT'S
A THIRTY-
FOOT DROP!



BRACING HIMSELF FOR THE SHOCK, INDY GRITS HIS TEETH AND...



WHILE ABOVE, INDY'S PROFESSIONAL RIVAL, RENÉ BELLOQ, WATCHES THE SCENE PITILESSLY



... AND THE WELL OF THE SOULS IS SEALED ONCE MORE FOR ETERNITY!

DON'T PANIC! THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME FOR THAT LATER!

TAKE A TORCH. IT'LL KEEP BACK THE SNAKES!

BESIDES, YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO BE IN THE THICK OF IT

IS IT TOO LATE TO CHANGE MY MIND?

OH, GOD! THIS IS THE WORST DREAM I EVER HAD.

INDY?

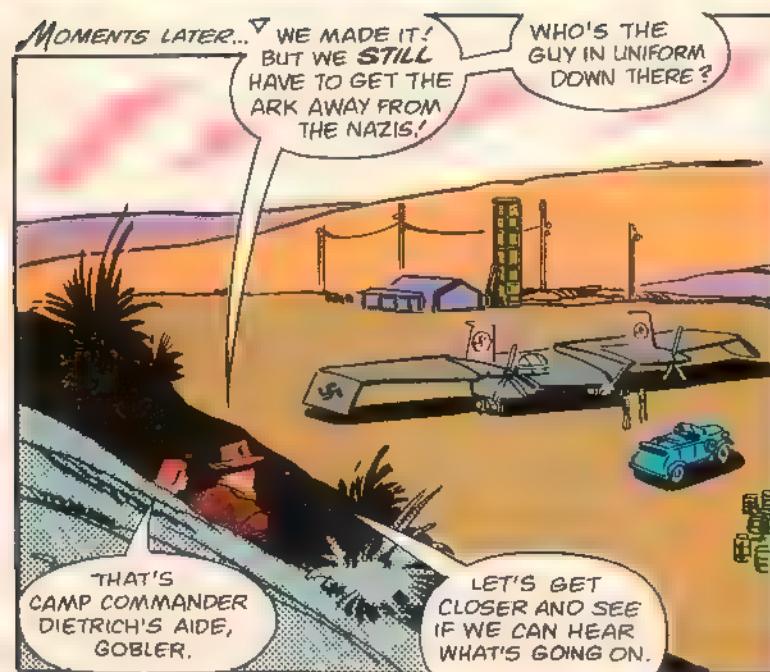
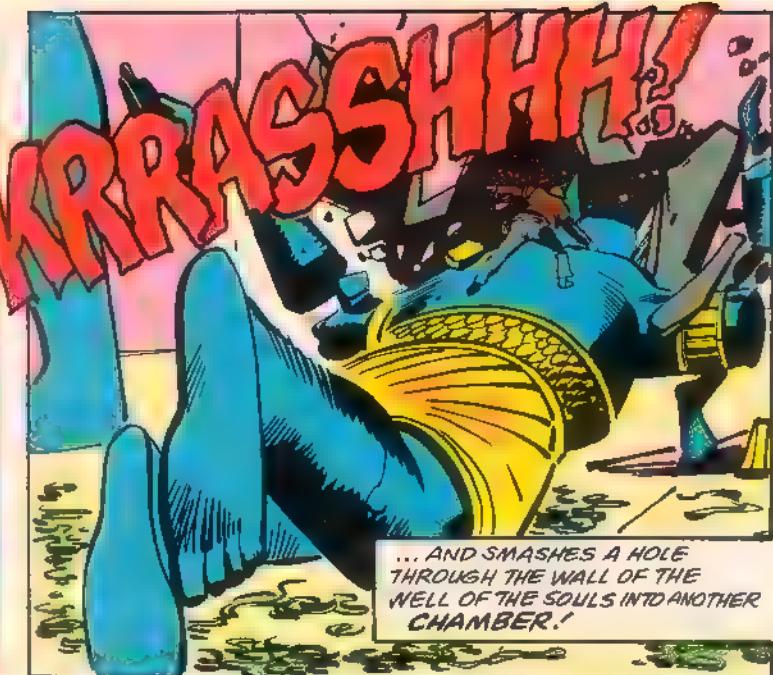
MARION, WHATEVER HAPPENS TO ME, YOUR EYES OPEN AND GET READY TO RUN!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



INDY WEDGES HIMSELF BETWEEN THE STATUE AND THE WALL AND BEGINS TO PUSH WITH ALL HIS MIGHT!

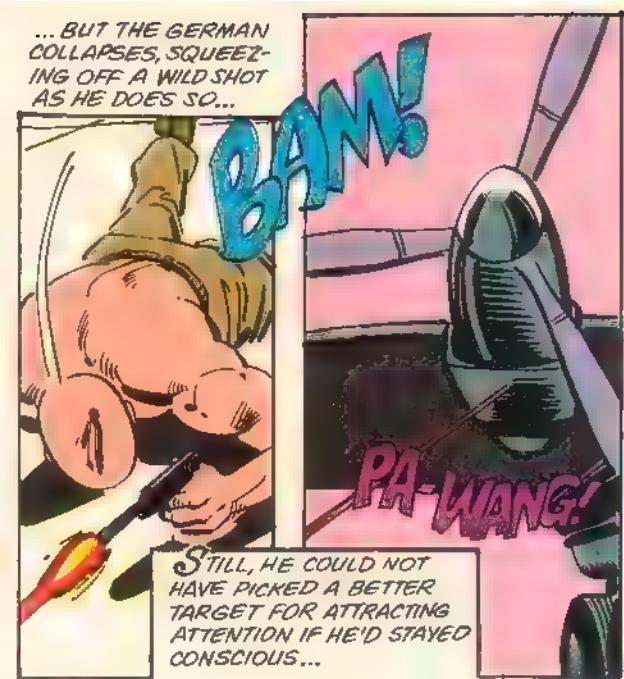
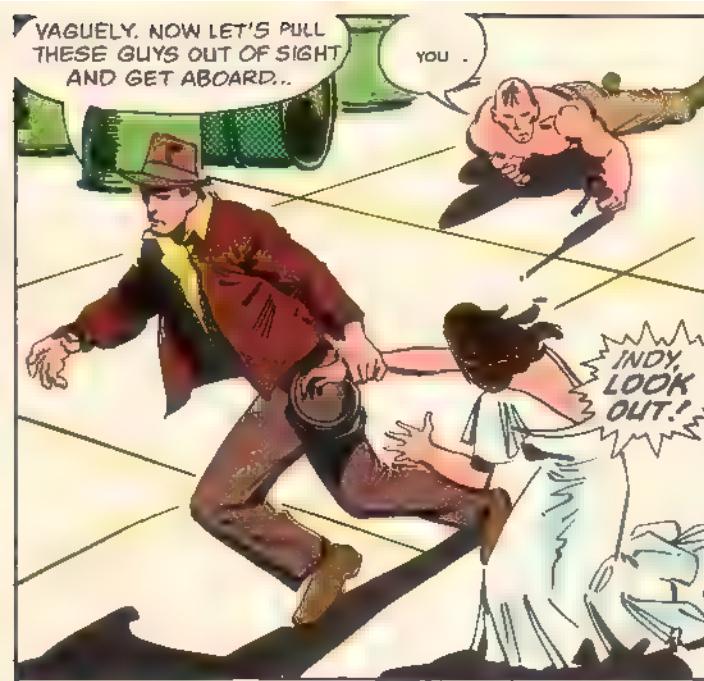
... AND THEN, EVER SO SLOWLY, AMID A SHOWER OF DUST AND PULVERIZED STONE...

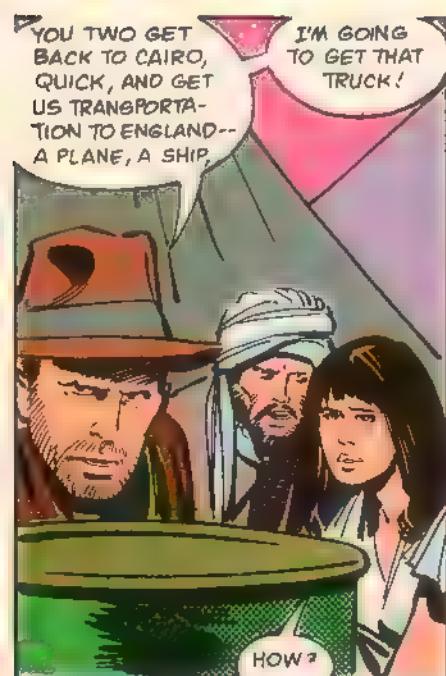
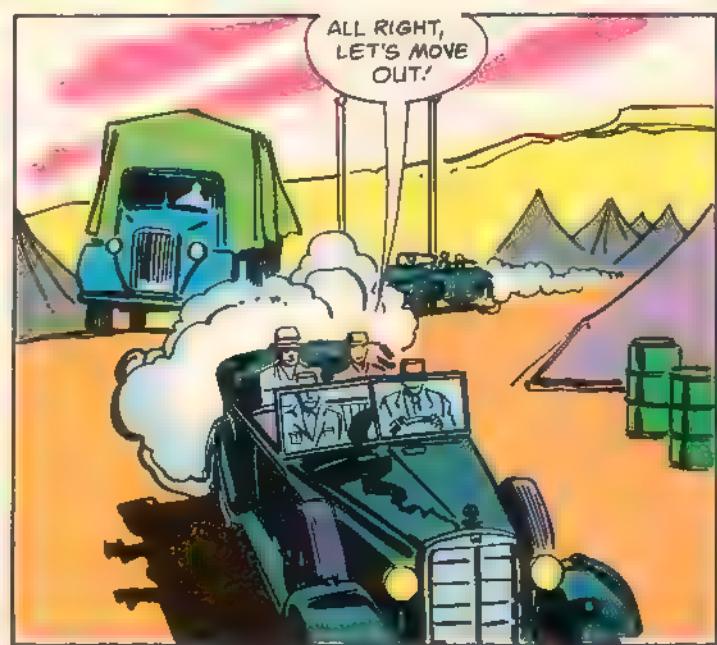


LET'S GO,
MARION!

THEY'RE GOING TO
FLY THE ARK BACK
TO BERLIN!

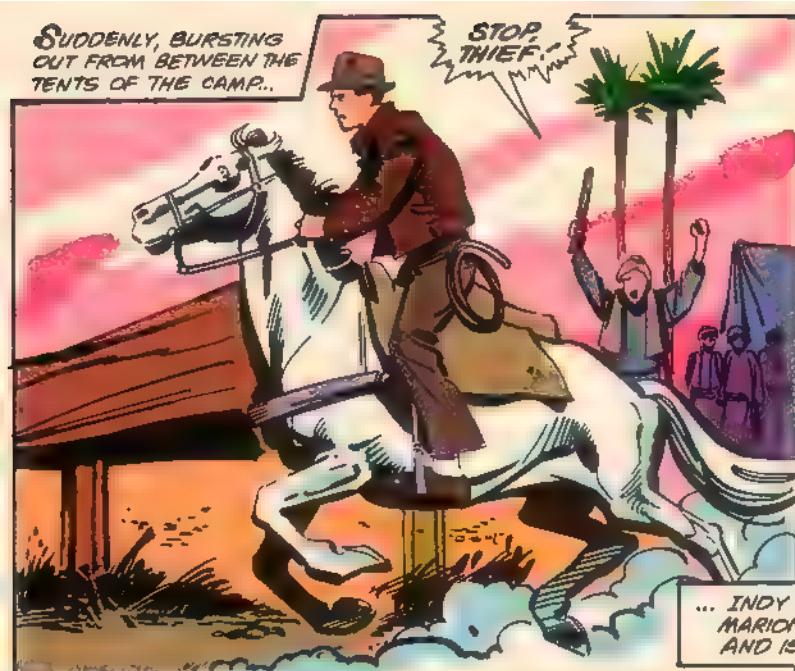






SUDDENLY, BURSTING OUT FROM BETWEEN THE TENTS OF THE CAMP...

STOP THIEF!

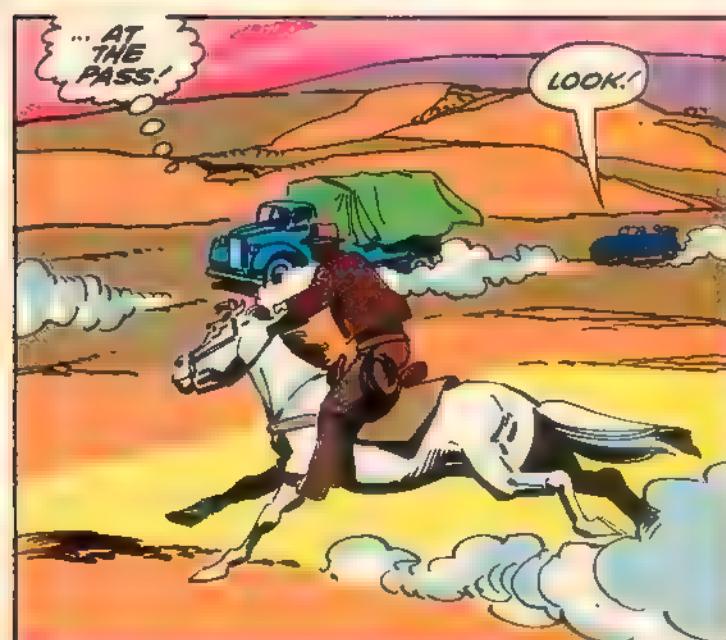


TERRITORY'S GETTING PRETTY RUGGED, AND THAT ROAD'S WINDING AROUND A LOT.

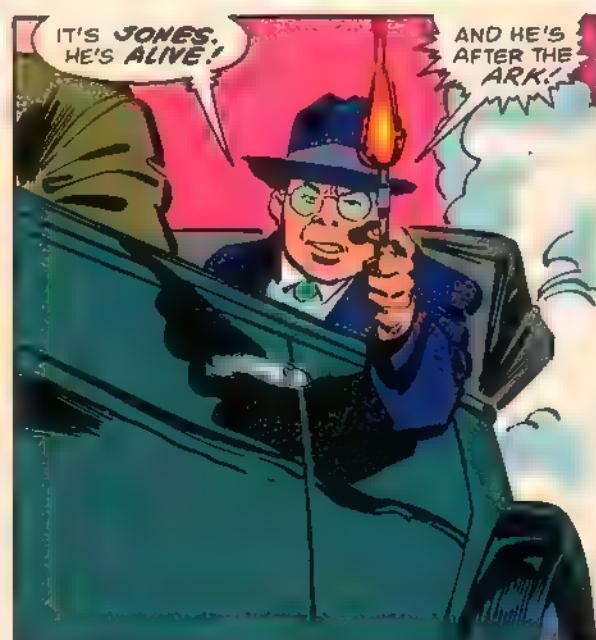
IF I CUT ACROSS COUNTRY, MAYBE I CAN HEAD 'EM OFF.



... INDY BLOWS MARION A KISS AND IS GONE!



LOOK!



END OF THE LINE, CHUM! I NEED YOUR TRUCK!

BUT DON'T FORGET!

YOU CAN HAVE MY HORSE!



YOU LOOK BUSHED, FRITZ!

SORRY!



A LITTLE FRESH AIR WILL DO WONDERS FOR YOU!

WELL, I'VE GOT THE ARK AGAIN! BUT CAN I KEEP IT?

I'LL HAVE TO SHAKE THESE TWO CARS, SOMEHOW!

LOOK OUT! THE TRUCK'S SPEEDING UP!

FASTER, CORPORAL! HE'S TRYING TO PUSH US OFF THE ROAD!

BUT WE'RE CLIMBING INTO THE HILLS, MAYBE...

STAY IN FRONT OF HIM!

MAYBE TOHT CAN PULL ALONG SIDE THE TRUCK AND GET HIM!

HURRY, YOU FOOL! IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO THAT ARK, WE'RE ALL DEAD MEN!

THE FUHRER WILL SEE TO IT!

I'M TRYING, SIR, BUT THE DUST! KOFF! KOFF! IT'S HARD TO SEE WHERE--!

SUDDENLY, THE DUST AROUND THE STAFF CAR CLEARS COMPLETELY...

EEE EEE!

BUT ONLY BECAUSE IT IS NO LONGER FOLLOWING THE TRUCK!

THE SCREAMS STOP AS THE CAR DOES...

SCRAANG!

...ABRUPTLY!

THA KOOUMM!

THERE GO A FEW GUYS WHO
WON'T BE NEEDING THE ARK
TO TALK TO THE ALMIGHTY!

AND WE'RE
FINALLY BEYOND
THE CLIFFS

SO I'D
BETTER MAKE
MY MOVE NOW!

DRIVER, STOP!
THE TRUCK'S
TURNING AROUND!

SCREEECH!

AFTER
HIM! WE
CAN'T LOSE
HIM NOW! NOT
AFTER ALL
THIS!

BUT INDY KEEPS IT FLOORED AND REACHES
THE OUTSKIRTS OF CAIRO JUST AHEAD OF
DIETRICH AND BELLOQ.

I CAN'T RISK
SLOWING DOWN
IF I'M GOING TO
REACH SALLAH
FIRST...

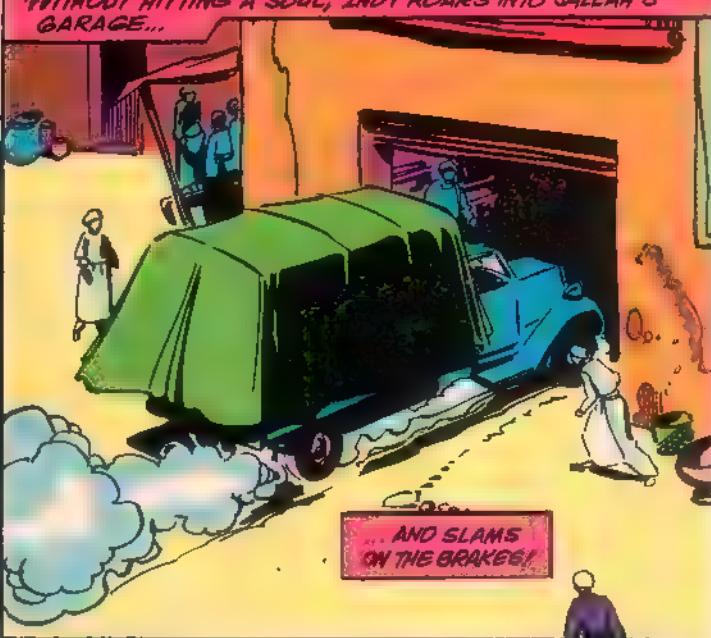
INDY SHRUGGING
HIS SHOULDERS

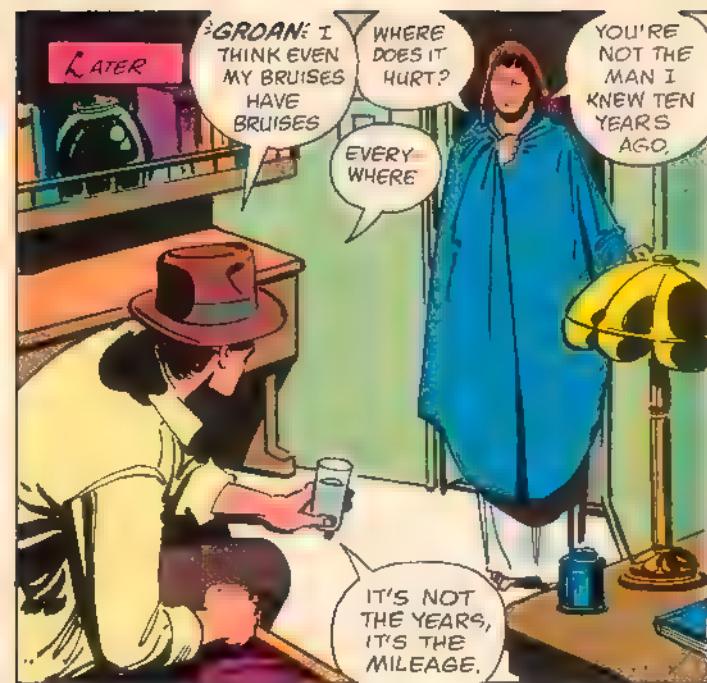
INDY ENTERS THE
STREETS OF CAIRO...

...AT TOP
SPEED!

**BEEP
BEEP**

WITHOUT HITTING A SOUL, INDY ROARS INTO SALLAH'S GARAGE...





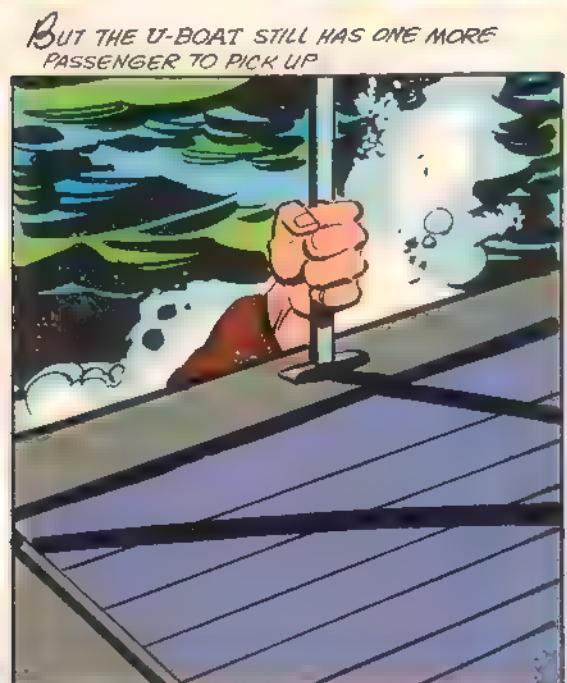
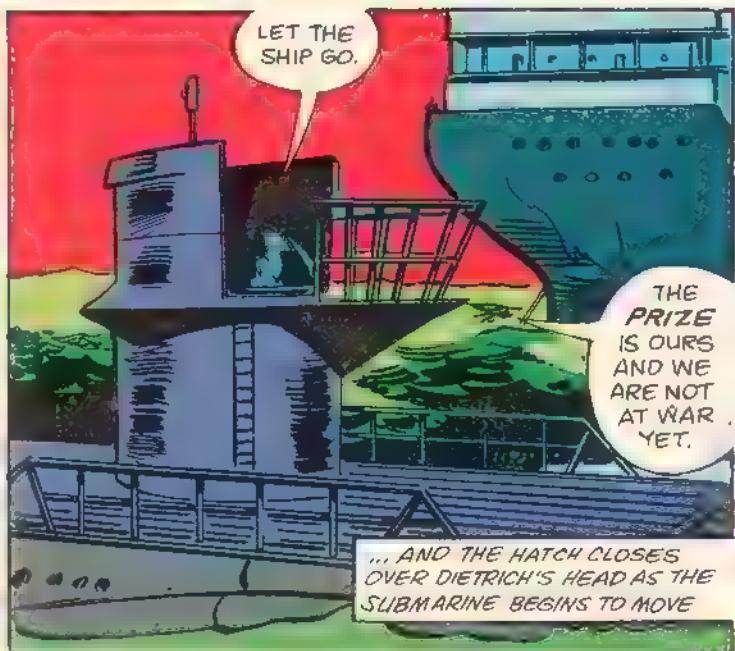
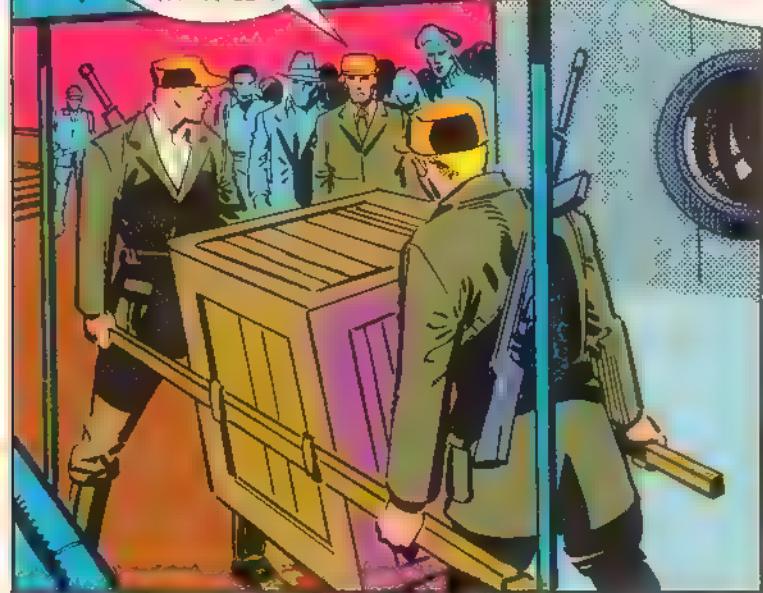


TAKE THE ARK
ABOARD THE
WURRFER

AND BE VERY
CAREFUL

AS FOR THE GIRL, SAVAGE,
HER FATE IS OURS TO DECIDE.
WE WILL TAKE WHAT WE WISH.

AND THEN DECIDE
WHETHER TO BLOW
YOUR SHIP FROM
THE WATER



UH-OH! SHE'S BEGINNING TO SUBMERGE!

I WONDER IF THIS WAS SUCH A GOOD IDEA.

WATER'S OVER THE MAIN HATCH ALREADY

MANY ANXIOUS MOMENTS LATER.

SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE GOING ANY DEEPER.

BUT I CAN'T HOLD ON FOR LONG AT THIS SPEED!

GOTTA USE MY WHIP!

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS LASH MYSELF TO THE 'SCOPE AND KEEP MY HEAD ABOVE WATER.

THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE AS BAD AS I FEARED.

TIME PASSES..

IT'S WORSE!

THE WHIP'S CUTTING ME TO RIBBONS! WAS THAT A SHARK FIN?

... AND PASSES.

ZZZZZZZZ

... AND PASSES..

ZZZ... HUH?
... IT'S MORNING AT LAST...



AND IT LOOKS AS
THOUGH WE'VE FINALLY
ARRIVED

THE
SUB'S
GOING
DOWN...

MUST BE AN UNDER-
WATER CHANNEL FOR
THE SUBMARINE TO
GET SO CLOSE TO SHORE.

GOTTA
GET THE
WHIP UN-
TIED FAST!

MY FINGERS
ARE SO NUMB..!

THAT
DID IT!

BUT THE
SUB'S TURNING
TOWARD
SHORE.

ARE THEY
GOING TO
GROUND
HER?

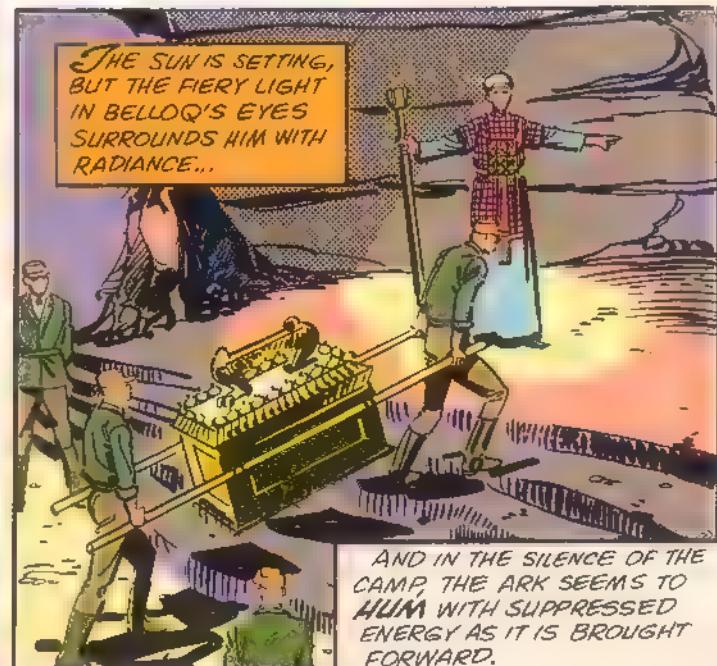
HOLY..!
IT'S A CONCEALED
ENTRANCE... BUT
WHERE DOES IT
LEAD TO?

AS INDY WATCHES IN AMAZEMENT, THE
WÜRRFLER GLIDES SMOOTHLY THROUGH
THE HIDDEN ENTRANCE.

... AND INTO A COM-
PLETLY CAMOUFLAGED,
FULLY-EQUIPPED U-BOAT
PEN..

SIEG
HEIL!

... A
SECRET NAZI
SUPPLY BASE!



ACTIVITY IN THE CAMP CEASES, AS THE SOLDIERS ARE DRAWN IRRESISTIBLE TOWARD THE ALTAR TO WITNESS THE STRANGE RITUAL UNFOLDING BEFORE THEM

BELLOQ RAISES HIS ARMS ABOVE THE ARK AND BEGINS AN INVOCATION...

UNEASY MURMERS OF "JUDEN" PASS AMONG THE GERMANS, BUT EVEN AS THE HUM SURROUNDING THE ARK SEEMS TO GROW LOUDER...



ONE MOVE FROM ANYBODY AND I BLOW THAT BOX BACK TO MOSES!

JONES,
YOUR PERSISTENCE
AMAZES EVEN ME
YOU ARE GOING TO
GIVE MERCENARIES
A BAD NAME!

DOCTOR JONES, SURELY
YOU DON'T THINK YOU CAN
ESCAPE FROM THIS
ISLAND.

THAT DEPENDS
ON HOW REASONABLE
WERE ALL
GOING TO BE!

ALL I WANT IS
THE GIRL!

WE'LL
HOLD THE
ARK TILL
WE'VE GOT
SAFE
TRANSPORT
TO ENGLAND

REFUSE AND
WE'LL ALL GO UP
IN A BIG BANG!

YOU'VE GOT FIVE
SECONDS TO-

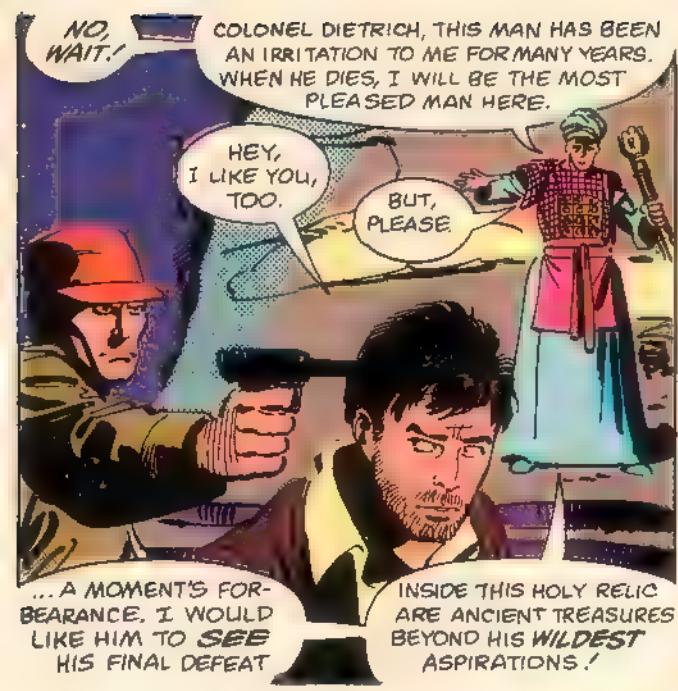
URK!

GRAB HIM!

JONES, THIS IS THE
SECOND TIME I HAVE
SEEN YOU LOOKING
VERY FOOLISH.

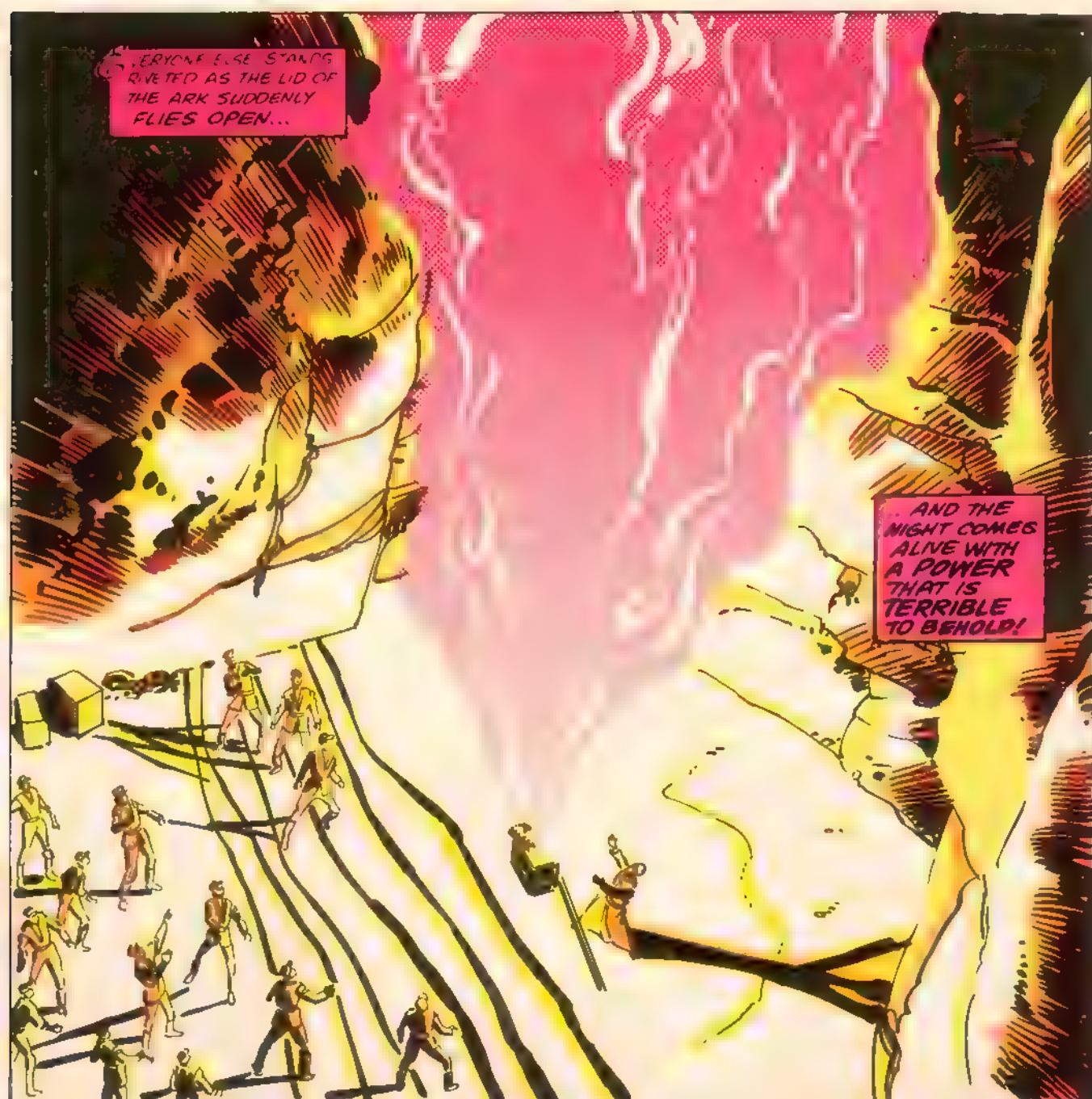
I'M
TRYING
TO
BREAK
THE
HABIT.

I'LL
HELP YOU
PERSONALLY





THE DESPERATE CRY REACHES HER THROUGH THE
SIREN CALL AND SLOWLY, PAINFULLY, MARION TURNS
HER HEAD AWAY AND CLOSES HER EYES!



FOR THIS IS THE TRUE
ARK OF THE COVENANT...

...THE HOLY
VESSEL CONTAINING
THE STONE FRAG-
MENTS OF THE TEN
COMMANDMENTS
GIVEN UNTO MOSES!

BELLOQ TAKES THE
FULL BRUNT OF THE
UNLEASHED FURY!

IT IS
GOD'S REPLY.
TO EVIL MEN!

HIS EYES
BURN WITH
REVELATION...

... AS THOUGH HE HAS
EXPERIENCED SOME KIND
OF TRANSCENDENTAL
KNOWLEDGE...

IT IS THE LAST
THING HE WILL
EVER KNOW.

THE ISLAND SHAKES BENEATH
THE GROWING HOLOCAUST...

... AND ALL WHO HAVE SEEN THE
ARK AND ITS REVELATION...

... PAY THE FULL PRICE
FOR THE KNOWLEDGE
THEY HAVE GAINED...

... AND RETURN TO THE EARTH AT LAST!

SUDDENLY...
IT IS OVER...

THE ENTIRE ISLAND IS SCORCHED AND BLASTED BUT FOR THE GROUND
ABOUT THE LOVERS...

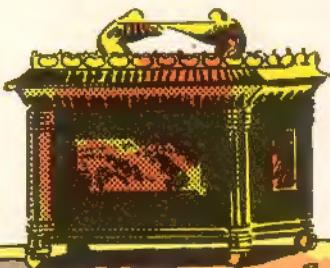


...AND
THEY
ARE
FREE.

BEFORE THEM,
ON THE ALTAR,
RESTS THE
ARK OF THE
COVENANT...

... BUT THE
RESIDUE OF AGES
PAST IS GONE,
AND IT SHINES
MORE BEAUTIFUL
THAN EVER.

OH, IT
SHINES!



SOMETIME LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF COLONEL MUSGROVE
OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

YOU'VE DONE
YOUR COUNTRY A
GREAT SERVICE,
DR. JONES...

... AND WE TRUST
YOU FOUND THE
SETTLEMENT
SATISFACTORY?

QUITE, BUT I'D
STILL LIKE TO KNOW
WHEN THE ARK WILL
BE TRANSFERRED
TO THE MUSEUM.

I THOUGHT WE'D
ANSWERED THAT.

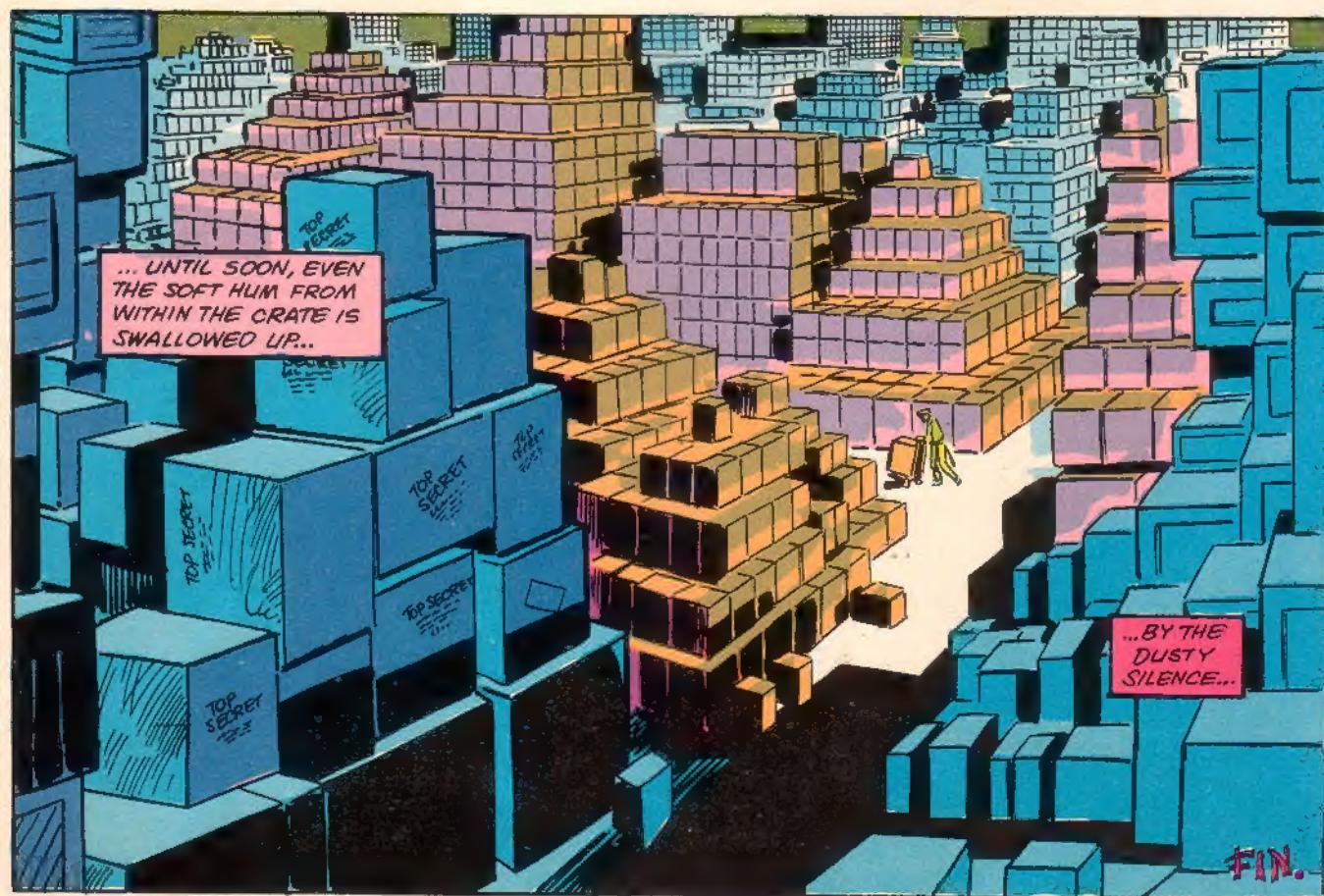
IT'S SOMEPLACE
QUITE SAFE--

THAT'S A
POWERFUL
FORCE!
RESEARCH
SHOULD BE
DONE--!

OH, IT WILL BE, DR.
JONES, I ASSURE YOU.
WE HAVE TOP MEN WORK-
ING ON IT RIGHT NOW.

WHO?

TOP MEN,
BUT IF WE
NEED HELP, WE'LL
BE SURE TO CALL.



RAIDERS

of the
LOST ARK™

CAST

Indy	HARRISON FORD
Marion	KAREN ALLEN
Dietrich	WOLF KAHLER
Belloq	PAUL FREEMAN
Toht	RONALD LACEY
Sallah	JOHN RHYS-DAVIES
Brody	DENHOLM ELLIOTT
Gobler	ANTHONY HIGGINS
Satipo	ALFRED MOLINA
Barranca	VIC TABLIAN
Col. Musgrove	DON FELLOWS
Major Eaton	WILLIAM HOOPTINS
Bureaucrat	BILL REIMBOLD
Jock	FRED SORENSEN
Australian Climber	PATRICK DURKIN
2nd Nazi	MATTHEW SCURFIELD
Ratty Nepalese	MALCOM WEAVER
Mean Mongolian	SONNY CALDINEZ
Mohan	ANTHONY CHINN
Giant Sherpa	PAT ROACH
Otto	CHRISTOPHER FREDERICK
Imam	TUTTE LEMKOW
Omar	ISHAQ BUX
Abu	KIRAN SHAH
Fayah	SOUAD MESSAOUDI
Monkey Man	VIC TABLIAN
Arab Swordsman	TERRY RICHARDS
1st Mechanic	PAT ROACH
German Agent	STEVE HANSON
Pilot	FRANK MARSHALL
Young Soldier	MARTIN KREIDT
Katanga	GEORGE HARRIS
Messenger Pirate	EDDIE TAGOE
Sergeant	JOHN REES
Tall Captain	TONY VOGEL
Peruvian Porter	TED GROSSMAN

PRODUCTION STAFF

Directed by STEVEN SPIELBERG
Produced by FRANK MARSHALL
Screenplay by LAWRENCE KASDAN
Story by GEORGE LUCAS and PHILIP KAUFMAN
Executive Producers GEORGE LUCAS, HOWARD KAZANJIAN
Music JOHN WILLIAMS
Editor MICHAEL KAHN, A.C.E.
Associate Producer ROBERT WATTS
Director of Photography DOUGLAS SLOCOMBE
Production Design NORMAN REYNOLDS

